



## Where Demons Play by Is-It-enough

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**Summary:** Steve has accepted that his life had crumbled into chaos, but his new bully has spun it even deeper into insanity. Billy loves to test limits, and this one just wont break, but maybe hes starting to. Billy x Steve

## 1. Fleeting moments

Life at this point was filled with insanity, one moment he was Steve Harrington, Nancy's boyfriend, nice guy, happy, a king. Now, he was a babysitter, single, handing the woman he loved off to the man she loved, giving shit advice to kids five years younger than him, getting his ass handed to him by the new king. Chaos, his life was pure and utter chaos...

In the most ironic turn of events he found himself with a bully, isn't that a laugh? An actual bully, like he had been to Jonathan not too long ago, his bully was oddly fond of inappropriate bullying (not that any bullying was appropriate). This bully always seemed to find him at his most vulnerable, in the shower after gym (because, who isn't vulnerable while they're naked), right after Nancy and Jonathan walked past with fingers locked together, on days he had gotten no sleep, hell Steve was sure Billy had thrown an egg at his window the one night he had actually managed to get some shut eye.

It really wasn't something Steve cared much about though, not after monsters; literal monsters had tried to kill him. It was more of an annoyance (let's be honest not much can top a toothy monster), because the lack of sleep was overrunning his life at the moment. Dustin had to bring him lunch a few times and sat with him pretending to need advice just to make he ate, somehow he had been absorbed into this group of 12/13 year olds, they even gave him his own walkie talkie, Steve still babysat every now and then. Mostly when they needed rides and Jonathan was busy sucking face, or when they wanted to see if Steve could do some daring feat that they thought up, sadly it was currently one of the best things about his life. (the only good change in his life, glorified babysitter).

On one particular morning Steve found himself surprisingly well rested, he was just turning away from his locker when Billy appeared behind him, shoving the brown haired boy into the lockers roughly.

"Plant your feet Harrington!"

Steve watched him walk away appalled, he looked around to see if anyone else had witnessed the boy shove him, of course the only

people interested were Nancy and Jonathan (again with the perfect timing), they scoffed at what happened and shook their heads, asking him if he was alright.

"You see what I deal with? Fuckin animal." Steve huffed as he stalked away from the couple.

Gym was filled with backhanded remarks to which Steve fired back, they ended up being separated after Steve managed to piss Billy off enough to make him take a swing, Steve may be a nice guy, but he was no punching bag. Of course Billy ended up nailing him in the face with a 'stray ball' and busted Steve's bottom lip.

"Geez, Harrington you gotta be quicker next time."

"You piece of shi-" Steve started, barreling toward the other boy.

"That's enough! Hit the showers Hargrove!" The coach hissed at Billy catching Steve with one hand.

Putting his hands up with a chuckle the blond shrugged licking his teeth as he walked away.

It took Steve a minute to cool back off after the incident, he had to smear blood off his mouth, but he managed to enjoy the rest of gym class, he let out the built up energy and felt the weight of the day hit him all at once. It was a welcomed feeling, he would sleep tonight, and maybe he'd be so exhausted that he wouldn't dream. The fact that he was covered in sweat was the only reason he even bothered making a beeline for the showers, he sighed and turned back to his gym locker to pull out his towel he lingered resting his head on the cold metal of the locker.

"STEVE!"

Jumping up and looking around Steve scanned the room for danger, his fist clenched tightly ready to hit some spazzed out monster, but it was just a plain locker room, one of his friends looked at him oddly.

"Dude, you fell asleep." The kid muttered as he walked out of the almost empty room.

"Shit.." Steve sighed slinging the towel over his shoulder.

For a moment he considered just leaving, he didn't really need a shower did he? There was only one more period before he could go home... but he had Nancy for that class. Like hell she was gonna see him in such dismay, covered in sweat, messy hair, smelling, no thank you(the busted lip would be humiliating enough).

The water was hot, he let it run across his back for a moment before grabbing the soap and washing up, Nancy had decided that even though she loved Jonathan, she and Steve would still be friends. As much as he wanted to Steve just couldn't say no,he still cared about her enough to put away his feelings for hers.. Stepping back into the water to wash the suds off his face, someone grab a fistfull of his hair and yanked his head back. Steve gasped reaching out to steady himself, he looked up at Billy who had this snide smile, the blond just watched him for a moment before he pushed him back into the shower.

"Did I scare you?" Billy sneered taking a step closer to Steve who was plastered against the wall looking two shades whiter than normal.

With a huff Steve calmed himself down, at least it wasn't something trying to eat him, taking a step closer to the other boy, he wasn't scared of him, though with the ass whooping he received the last time they fought Steve probably should have been a little more wary.

"What the hell Hargrove? I'm naked here, you mind?" Steve asked the fully dressed boy standing in the shower.

Stepping past him after the blond gave no sign of responding Steve turned back on the water and started to rinse the soap off again without a second glance, Billy grabbed the smaller boy's arm and yanked him back out of the water slinging him back against the wall. In all honesty Steve didn't have the patience to deal with Billy, so he just stayed put, with a sigh he pushed water and his hair back out of his face, shutting his eyes in annoyance.

"Shut the hell up." Billy muttered before he grabbed Steve's face with one hand.

Steve's eyes shot open and looked at Billy confused, he opened his mouth to speak but was cut off by

Billy hissing at him.

"Shhh, listen here you shit head..." He spoke digging his fingers into Steve's cheek. "I'm going to need you to make sure your piece of shit kids don't go getting my little max into trouble."

Pushing Steve's head back roughly into the wall Billy pressed himself to the slightly taller boy, he squeezed bruisingly hard on Steve's face causing him to squirm and make a small sound of pain. It only served to make Billy smile, he couldn't take his piercing blue eyes off Steve's face, the way he cringed under the presser and the feel of power gave him greater pleasure than he had expected.

"The fuck Hargrove!" Steve yelled shoving the asshole away from him.

The way the shorter boy had pinned him to the wall, Steve swore it was going end up like some prison movie, he knew that Billy liked to dominate people (it was obvious), but he didn't didn't think Billy would go this far to do it.

"Max so much comes home with a fucking scratch..." Billy smirked devilishly, he licked his teeth and moved in closer to Steve's face. "I'll won't stop punching this time. And I'll start with Sinclair."

Without really thinking Steve threw a punch at the blond, he watched as Billy took a small step back to avoid the hit, catching Steve's wrist in his hand he used the momentum of the swing to turn him around and slammed him into the wall again.

"I can do this all day pretty boy." Billy growled in Steve's ear as he jerks Steve's arm behind him.

The feeling of being helpless wasn't nearly as bad as the feeling of being naked and helpless, Steve groaned as Billy grabbed a fist full of his hair and yanked his head back so Steve was arched in an awkward position.

"Now, princess don't be stupid." Billy pressed his hips into Steve's bare

ass and licked his lips, eyes glued to Steve's face.

Grinding his teeth at the feeling Steve shut his eyes tightly, Billy's breath was hot on his face and he could feel his heart starting to pound in his chest. What the hell was Billy doing?! It only took a second before Steve's eyes shot open as Billy place a quick hard kiss on his' mouth, shoving Steve's face into the wall roughly Billy pulled away.

Turning quickly Steve watched the blond haired boy with wide eyes, he was stunned into silence trying to piece together what had happened while Billy looked at him pleased. It was like Billy had wanted Steve to react and once he had Billy beamed happily, turning he gave Steve a small wink before leaving the room. Slowly Steve let the shock fade, his shoulders slumped and he looked around letting what had just happened wash over him.

"Wh-?! WHAT?! N- Wh? What the hell is going on?!" Steve gave into the feeling of insanity.

Shutting his eyes he shook his head before stepping back into the shower to wash the feel of Billy off of him. At this point he had completely given up on having any sort of control of his life, he didn't have the time or energy to go rooting around in someone else's fucked up life, Billy's little shower visit would have to wait in line... so much for being able to sleep tonight.

## 2. Chapter 2: Pushing closer

Days had passed and things went back to pretty much normal, though his "bully" completely ignored him. Which was good enough for Steve because he was perfectly fine with ignoring the exchange that had taken place in the shower, he couldn't add anything else to his already full plate. Exchanging out some things from his backpack to his locker Nancy walked over to him and started talking, Steve smiled and pretended to care about what she was droning on about.

Of course he still wanted to be around her, but he didn't have the capacity to listen to her talk about how wonderful her life was, or the people in her other classes. Jonathan walked up about two minutes into the one sided conversation and started to pull her away by the hand, she kept talking to Steve as the other boy towed her away muttering something about 'stop bothering him, he looks tired'. Steve gave him a look of appreciation, he mouthed 'Thank you' before going back to what he was doing. Taking a moment to remember what the hell he was even doing, Steve zipped up his bag and tossed it over his shoulder.

"How many times do I gotta tell you to plant those feet!" Billy growled as he pushed Steve into the locker.

Steve again looked after him appalled, he looked down at his feet and planted them firmly.

"Wha? Why is this so important to you?! My feet are planted! Stop pushing me, asshole!"

Billy replied with the middle finger as he turned a corner.

In chemistry class Billy smacked the back of Steve's head as he passed by him, he had just dozed off when the hit woke him, he glared at the blond smoothing his hair back down, grumbling about what an asshole the guy was.

At the end of the day in gym Steve was on high alert waiting for the blond to make his move, Steve was gonna kick his ass today, this was it he had no more room for the bullshit, and he wasn't gonna let it



continue. Half the class passed before Steve realized that Billy wasn't coming, it was kind of a let down, he was looking forward to punching the smug smile off his face, but decided that he would take the peace and quiet as a consolation prize.

A full week passed with only little snide remarks passed between them both, they didn't really speak (and by that he meant, they didn't fight) again till Billy showed up with a busted lip and bruised up face. Steve did his best to ignore the black and blue marks but Billy caught him staring and it ended up in a pissing contest that Steve backed away from, he wasn't in the mood to add to someone else's work. It wasn't worth kicking someone's ass when they already had it handed to them.

It didn't matter though, the next time Steve saw the blond he had a black eye, he had managed to piss someone else off and they fought back. Against his better judgment the brown haired boy took the blond an ice pack during lunch, he just tossed it on the table as he walked passed. Thankfully it didn't send Billy into a fit of rage, instead he watched Steve leave the room, smiled softly and iced his newly blackened eye.

"Yeah, I'm fine... Of course mom... yeah. I do know how to cook remember? No, no I'm fine. I love you too,... homework is done, I'm showered and my teeth are brushed, I'm fine really. Good night, love you both." Steve sighed hanging up the phone before laying down on his bed, he shook his head roughing up his hair.

The folks had ended up getting called away for work again, it was a pretty regular thing lately, he was old enough to be trusted, so that meant his parents could get away with working all the time. Thinking back Steve couldn't remember the last time they had behaved like a real family, but they called every night and made sure he knew he was loved.

Sure they weren't always home, but they cared about him, they talked him through his homework when he needed help and never missed a single phone call, no matter how busy they were, or what time of day Steve happened to call. Steve felt a drop of water side off his face and hit the pillow under his head, he was crying... he hadn't even noticed. Being alone in the empty house had started to get to

him, the sinking loneliness finally set in.

School was dark, it was dark outside. Wiping fog off the window to get a better look outside, it was so dark he couldn't see anything no matter how hard he squinted his eyes, it was like the window was painted black. Moving away from the darkness, he started toward the front doors, Billy stepped out into the hall from one of the rooms blocking his way, he looked at him with empty feral eyes.

"Billy, what's going on?" He asked turning to look back at the blackened window.

To quickly Billy was standing in front of him, grabbing a fist full of Steve's shirt keeping him close as he started laying into the slightly taller boy. Startled Steve put his hands up in defence, releasing his shirt Billy shoved him down onto the ground, laughing loudly as he dropped to his knees, the blond grabbed the brown haired boys legs sliding him between his own so he was straddling Steve. More hits started flying, Steve tried his best to block them but Billy wrestled him into submission, pinning the scrawny boy's arms under his knees.

"BILLY?! STOP! BILLY!" Steve hissed kicking his legs trying to wither out of the hold.

Billy just laughed and started punching him in the face, the world started to blur, the sharp taste of copper in his mouth made him choke.

"Steve! STEVE, GET UP! STEVE! T" The last few words distorted, they came out so slowly Steve couldn't quite understand them.

Billy stopped hitting and tossed his head back laughing, but the laugh started to garble twisting into screams, Steve watched as a demidog clamped into Billy and drug him onto floor. Scrambling to his feet Steve grabbed Billy's arm trying to pull him away from the mess of teeth on the dog, but it pulled against him grasping tigher at the blond's hip.

"Steve! Come on! Steve!"

Looking back he saw the group of kids he promised Nancy he'd take

care of, he looked back down at the boy in his hold, he was still laughing tears in his eyes, face twisted in pain. Steve kicked the dog trying to get it to release the asshole, but it only dug in deeper causing a shrill scream to erupt from Billy. In a panic Steve turned to look at the kids again, he needed to get to them, he wished he had his bat, he wished Billy would stop screaming, looking back down at him Steve's heart was pounding in his chest.

"Billy, you piece of shit! Don't you dare die on me! Billy!"

"Leave him! We gotta go! Look out!" Dustin screamed from down the hall. "You have to leave him!"

Steve knew he had to leave the blond, three more of the demonic creatures were running in slow motion toward the pair, but he couldn't stand the way he was making that horrible sound. A mixture of a scream and a heinous laugh, it was like Billy couldn't decide if it hurt enough to stop tormenting the brown haired boy, finally letting go of his hand Steve started to run toward the kids, but Billy started screaming and it stuck the taller boy harder than he thought it would.

"Don't leave me! Come back! It hurts! STEVE! PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME!" The words were wet, sobbing, they sputtered as Billy choked on blood.

Steve stopped, he turned back starting to go for the other boy one more time, maybe he could save him too, small hands reached out for him, clinging to him, pulling him back.

"Wait! Billy, No, no, Wait! Billy! BILLY!" Steve let the younger kids pull him away, because he knew the boy was dead either way, he turned his back one last time as the pleads started to fade away.

The new girl Max was standing in the hall crying, she hadn't moved an inch, she watched her 'brother' never breaking eye contact, Steve ran with the group scooping her up in his arms as they passed, he hugged her close to his body knowing that even though the boy was cruel, it was still her brother.

"Don't look, don't look."

Max started screaming, she thrashed around till Steve lost his grip and she fell to the ground, Steve stopped yanking her up, he looked into her eyes and cupped her face tightly, desperate to get her moving again.

"Max! We need to go! Billy is gone! We need to go! Now Max!"

Dustin joined her with a scream of his own making Steve jerk toward him, he watched in horror as a pack of Demidogs engulfed him, dragging him down to the floor, ripping at his flesh and tearing him apart.

"NO!"

Aloud crash sent Steve shooting up in bed he was still screaming, tumbling hitting the ground in a heap, all his bedding coming down ontop of him. Drenched in sweat, breathing hard, his heart pounding in his chest, Steve stumbled to his feet, he was shaking so hard he had to hold onto the dresser for support.

The edges of his vision was blurred with white, it took him a moment to swallow down the mix of fear and adrenaline, but the second it faded away Steve broke into tears. Sitting down on his bed pulling his knees to his chest, knotting his fingers in his hair, rocking back and forth, Steve shuddered with sobs, he couldn't stop. Billy's twisted face and wet blood filled screams still echoed in his ears, begging for Steve to save him, Dustin getting chunks of flesh ripped off, it was horrifying, and his body wouldn't stop shaking, he couldn't settle his breathing.

It took all the strength he had left to calm himself, taking deep slow breaths, Steve started to feel the clawing fear seep away, finally he pulled himself together enough to move. Forcing himself Steve walked to the bathroom, he started the shower and sat down the edge of the tub desperately trying to forget the dream, he had to keep reminding himself he was home, he was safe. Steve threw himself down in front of the toilet hugging the cold porcelain and started puking his guts out.

That morning Steve was getting ready for school when he caught something out of the corner of his eye, he had to do a double take. At

first he wasn't sure what it was... but once he got close enough he could see bits of egg shell stuck in goop. The loud sound that woke him? Someone threw an egg? Steve took a step back puzzled, who would... ? But that was at 2 am, what the hell would anyone be doing at his house in the middle of the night? Maybe it was one of the kids? It had better not have fucking been, what the hell were they doing out in the the middle of the fucking night? Steve laid down on his floor reaching under his bed for the walkie talkie the group of kids had given him.

"Hey, you little shits. What the hell were you guys doing out so late last night?" Steve hissed through the speaker.

It took a few moments of silence before their voices started to crackle over the hunk of plastic in his hand.

"My mom still won't let me out of her sight, besides Jonathan is like a hound dog. I couldn't get out even if

i wanted too." Will answered first from lockdown.

"Wasn't me, my sister was up last night with the flu. I was busy getting puked on." Lucas

"I was asleep at 10." El

"Yeah, I was sleeping too I don't like going out at night anymore than I have to." Dustin

"Not me." both Max and Mike answered together.

"Ew, your sister threw up on you?" Max asked in a disgusted tone.

Steve shut the walkie talkie off and sighed, he was relieved that they were smart enough to know better than to walk around at night, but that left a small list of people that it could have been.

### 3. Chapter 3: Enough and too much

The next three days Steve didn't sleep at all, he had told his parents he was sick with the flu as an excuse for his grogginess, he told them he probably wouldn't be calling them for a few days. They insisted on coming home, to which Steve talked them down, he reminded them he wasn't a baby and swore he could handle the sickness on his own and promised that he would say with a friend if the sickness got too bad..

If the business they were tending to wasn't so important Steve would have let them come, but they had worked for months on this project, he couldn't let them waste all that on him. They agreed to stay as long as he promised not to over do it, they told him to rest and he said he would.

On the fifth night Steve tried everything to get himself to sleep, warm milk, a shot of whiskey, boring movie, reading, he even redid his homework... twice. In a last ditch effort he started a hot shower, the heat was soothing, but he wasn't any sleeper than before and it only made him think of the school showers.

Getting out felt oddly refreshing, he eventually laid down on his bed completely awake, staring blankly at the ceiling his mind started to drift off, he thought about Nancy and how much he missed having someone to call when he couldn't sleep. Thinking about the night they had first been together was a mix of overwhelming guilt for letting Barb die, and a fond memory of touching Nancy for the first time. Sitting up in bed abruptly Steve went to the window and looked down at the pool. Maybe he would tire himself out?

"As long as I don't get eaten like Barb..." He sighed, at least he'd be able to sleep once he was dead.

Looking down at the water in the pool, Steve swallowed hard, he was scared... taking a scan of his surroundings, watching the trees for movement, checking the water for something lurking within it, Steve decided he was desperate enough to take the risk of being devoured. Diving in, It was cold, but Steve ignored it, he let the creeping fear drive him, it pushed him to swim harder, faster, coming up for small

bursts of air as it clawed at him. A few dozen laps and Steve was exhausted, his whole body burned and the numbness of the cold water started to hurt. Clinging to the side of the pool, he climbed out and laid flat on the ground looking up at the stars as he tried to steady his breathing.

Approaching footsteps sent waves of panic, adrenaline and fear though his small body, he was going to die, Barb would have company soon, he scrambled to his feet searching for the pair of feet stalking closer to him.

"Hey-y, pretty boy-y." Billy slurred walking from the tree line into Steve's backyard.

Relief washed over the taller boy, he sighed and put his hand over his thundering heart to steady it, if Billy wasn't such an asshole Steve would have hugged him.

"What the hell are you doing here Hargrove?" Steve asked looking around, it must have been 3am.

Stumbling closer Billy laughed, he gestured to the other boy's house and threw his arm over Steve's shoulder.

"You're a fucking joke Harr- harringtonnn. Look at your.. house." Laughing like it was some amazing joke. "Wha.. what am I doing here? I really wanted... wanted to punch so-something." Billy answered grabbing Steve's face, jerking it down to look him in the eye with one hand.

Steve stumbled back, the bastard was heavy, and too drunk to stand on his own, but his words mirrored Nancy's and surprisingly hurt. Frowning at the slightly shorter bulkier boy, the bruises on his face had lightened turning to yellow and green, they looked out of place on his face now.

"Yeah, okay." Steve muttered shifting to get a better grip on Billy. "Then why'd you drink a distillery before you got here?"

Something switched in the blond's eyes, he didn't look so angry anymore... swallowing hard Billy moved his hand up to brush hair

out of Steve's eyes, the brown haired boy looked down at him confused, what the hell was he doing?

"Why'd you have to be so pretty?" The drunken boy muttered stepping in closer so he could kiss Steve softly.

Jerking back away from the feel of warm lips Steve let Billy fall to the ground in a heap, what the fuck? On the ground the blond rolled over to lay flat on his back, his eyes stayed shut and Steve took a step closer wondering if he was sleeping, but he started laughing again, it was unnerving. At what point had his life turned so badly? He was popular once, king of it all, his parents were there, girls swooned over him, but he was a bully... he WAS Billy. Kneeling down beside him Steve thought of all the times he'd Jonathan's life hell.

That could so easily be him, he could still be the torment in another person's life, the guy that tried to make others feel small... so he could feel big. So many questions started swimming around in his head, looking at the bruises again Steve wondered where they had come from, leaning over the brown haired boy moved some hair from Billy's face so he could see all the fading marks

.

"Why are you here?" Steve questioned again.

With a crooked smile Billy sat up, pushing Steve so he fell over on the ground.

"I... wanted to know... what it was like he-here. In per-perfection. But, you...." Billy chuckled slumping over resting his head on Steve's shoulder.

A long moment passed with both boys sitting in silence, Steve wondered if Billy had passed out this time, looking up at the stars thinking about what the other boy had said, wondering what he was going to finish with, they were complicit. Maybe it was just the lack of sleep that made him feel that way about just sitting in each other's presence. Billy turned his head to look up at Steve, the taller boy looked down at him waiting patiently for him to speak again (or try and hit him, if he was being honest), but instead the blond cupped



Steve's face pulling him gently down to his lips.

The kiss was soft, and sweet, it was nothing like the other sloppy kiss he had received from Billy. It was astounding just how much Steve liked the way it felt, warm, inviting, like his whole body was relaxing into it. With a slow movement the drunken boy ran his tongue across Steve's bottom lip, pressing forward Billy pushed his into the brown haired boy's mouth licking out at the other tongue that came to meet him. A shock wave of want and need pulsed through him, Steve gave into the kiss, he kissed back twirling his tongue around the other boy's. A quiet moan slipped out, but as soon as the sound reached Steve's ears he pulled away.

"No, no... You're drunk, I can't do this." Steve said pushing Billy away from him gently.

"It's o-okay.. I... I've done worse." Billy muttered leaning back in for another kiss.

"No... No."

There was a moment of uncertainty, Steve was trying to read Billy's face, judging if he was going to try and attack him, or if he had taken the 'no' well, but the other boy was blank.

It took a few tries but eventually Steve got Billy back to his feet, Billy put up his fists and took a swing at the other boy, Steve ducked under it and caught the blond as he started to stumble toward the pool, he couldn't decide if the shorter boy wanted to kill him or if he was just pissed Steve had rejected him.

"Billy, stop. You're gonna hurt yourself shit head."

As if to say fuck you Billy swung his head back and busted Steve's bottom lip (it was like the asshole had radar, he somehow never missed), with a groan the taller boy let the other go, he moved away touching the sensitive skin, tasting blood.

"God dammit!" Hissing from the pain.

The sound of a splash startled Steve, he looked around hoping the sound wasn't what he thought it was, but there Billy was sinking to

the bottom of the pool.

"For fucks sake!"

Diving in after him Steve grabbed Billy and pulled him to the top of the water, the bulky boy kept dragging him down, all the clothes he had on added so much weight Steve thought they might drown for a moment. Somehow Steve managed to swim to the steps, he smacked Billy's face a few times trying to wake him, when it didn't work he pulled Billy out of the water. The brown haired boy had taken a CPR class last year, his mother had sworn he would need it one day, he tilted the blond's head back and checked for sounds of breathing, but he couldn't hear anything over the thundering in his chest.

It took two pumps and one breath for the shorter boy to spit up water, he rolled over on his side and went limp, choosing to take a moment to recover Steve laid down next to the drunk. How had his life turned upside down? Suddenly people came to him for help, Billy came to him to self destruct. Or maybe this was something else? Rubbing his head Steve turned his head to look at the blond, he looked peaceful, like a sleeping puppy after a long day of running around, his lips were slightly parted and his hair clung to his face.

With a groan Steve watched the other boy start to shiver, rolling on his side the taller boy started shaking Billy, trying to wake him up. It didn't take long for Steve to give up, he sighed looking into the drunken boy's face, he had kissed him back earlier... and he actually liked it, the feeling of Billy's lips on his, the way he tasted. It was nothing like the way Nancy kissed him (but then again she was in love with Jonathan the whole time they were together so that probably didn't help), maybe it was because Billy was so raw, he kissed with so much emotion.

"Okay big guy, let's get you inside."

Steve grabbed Billy's arms pulling him toward the door leaving a huge wet streak behind him, the realisation he would have to undress the drunken boy made him whine. The boots were harder than he expected to get off, the fact that they were wet made them stick to the blond's feet, getting the shirt off wasn't much easier, hugging Billy

to his body as he pushed the shirt up then letting him fall a little too hard back to the ground when he tried pulling it off his arms. Steve decided the pants were gonna stay on, mostly because he didn't want to drag a naked dude around his house, but a part of him was afraid of how Billy had made him feel.

Steve wasn't a weight trainer, leaving him small and slightly weaker, and the unconscious boy was solid it was harder to drag him across the carpet, the fact that he couldn't find good traction left him slipping and sliding too much to make any progress. Giving up the taller boy left the other where he was, going to get some blankets, towels, and a change of clothes, at least he could cover him up so he wouldn't get sick, he took his time finding what he needed, it wasn't like Billy was going anywhere and the idea of trying to get him out of the wet pants made him uncomfortable, at some point Steve stopped, the exhaustion hitting him hard he sat down for a moment to compose himself, laying his head on the counter.

Sitting back up Steve rubbed his eyes, he looked around blinking away dizziness, he had fallen asleep? Looking over at the pile of bedding on the counter he jumped up remembering the cold, wet boy on his floor, running back to the spot he had left Billy, Steve stopped abruptly... He was gone? The back door was still locked, Steve looked around confused, had he imagined it? Kneeling down Steve touched the wet spot, he had definitely been there. Searching the house for the other boy, he found a pair of wet pants on the stairs and a pair of underwear outside bathroom door, the shower was running.

Hesitant Steve walked into the room, he sighed seeing Billy swaying in the tub, looking over at the Steve with pleading eyes, he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, it took him a moment to noticed he was crying, the tears looked out of place on his bruised face. It was unreal at first, Billy Hargrove was standing in front of him looking like a puppy that had been kicked around, he looked almost innocent, with a groan the brown haired boy knew he was going to have to babysit him.

"Okay, okay, come on." Steve sighed turning off the water and grabbing a towel to wrap around his waist.

Helping the soaking wet boy out of the bathroom was harder than he thought (everything had been harder than he thought), Billy kept trying to kiss Steve, he even slipped his tongue in the taller boy's mouth, Steve objected to each advance. Steve stumbled into the sink and Billy pushed him up onto the countertop pressing himself between Steve's legs. Getting back down was tricky, the bastard was heavy as hell and that left Steve open to quick kisses.

"Dammit hargrove, you're so fucking drunk and you weigh a ton. I need you to help me get to my room."

"Mm, okay, o-oka-yy. Bu-but i'm t-top." Billy chuckled.

Steve stopped, he looked around trying to decide if he wanted to say something or if he'd just let it go, the thought honestly never crossed his mind. Steve had no idea how any of that would work, where woul- Steve stopped shaking his head to remove the picture forming in his head.

"No, YOU'RE drunk."

They stumbled slowly to the room where Billy collapsed on the bed goosebumps rising across the his skin, Steve whined shaking his head, water started to soak through Billy's towel into the bedding. Ruffling through his clothes looking for something that would fit the bigger boy, none of the clothes Steve owned would fit, he was a few sizes smaller than Billy, but thankfully he kept the clothes his grandmother had sent him, she kept telling his mother to fatten him up and sent the clothes for when he started gaining weight.

"I swear you better not try anything. I'm not above punching you in the dick Hargrove." Steve threatened, but Billy gave no response.

Rolling Billy over Steve pulled on the towel, it was wedged under Billy's ass, losing his footing Steve fell on the floor yanking the towel out from the boy as he fell.

Of course Billy sat up in the bed, he looked around before setting his eyes on Steve, who was on the ground with the towel in his hand , scratching his head Billy blinked down at himself, seeing for the first time that he was naked.

"Wh... Um, you go... gonna suck my d-dick fi-frist?" Billy slurred grabbing his erection that Steve cringed away from.

Standing up quickly, he pushed Billy back into the bed and thought about socking him right in the face, but the blond started snoring, Steve reached out to nudge the drunken boy's shoulder, after a few moments passed Steve let out a breath he didn't realize he was holding.

"Why? What have I done you piss you off so badly, you'd send me this jackass in the middle of night!" Steve yelled at his roof.

Hesitating, Steve looked Billy over, suddenly he was seeing him in new light, the dips and hard ridges of Billy stomach gave him goosebumps, looking around the room feeling like some sort of perv Steve stole a glance down at the other boy's junk. One look was enough for him, he turned around and cleared his throat, shaking the image off as he grabbed the pants off the floor where he had dropped them when he fell, somehow Steve managed to get the other boy dressed, it was awkward and Steve had to press Billy against him again to slip the pants up over his ass.

The position pressed Billy's hard on against Steve's chest, it made him cringe away, he felt like he was violating him. Steve didn't bother with a shirt because the other boy weighed a ton and he didn't have the energy to attempt it, but he dressed himself fully, even putting on long sleeves as an extra precaution just to feel safe, with the handys drunk in his bed. The only good thing that came from the unwanted intruder was that as soon as Steve's head hit the pillow he fell into the deepest sleep he'd had in what felt like years, he was completely drained.

Opening his eyes Billy looked over at the sleeping boy, he turned over in the bed to watch Steve sleep. He looked beautiful, there were so many things he could do to the sleeping boy, but he looked so at peace, so pure and as much as Billy wanted to rip every part of that to shreds... He envied it far too much to disturb it. The way Steve's lips parted, the deep dark circles under his eyes, the way his hair fell in messy heaps around his face, it was all so perfect, Reaching over Billy traced Steve's cheek bone with his thumb, just once before he settled back into the bed.

Billy closed his eyes, he couldn't decide if he was still going to make Steve's life a living hell. Since he found out he lived in this huge lavish house, Billy had sworn he was gonna make Steve suffer, the princess could use some toughening up. That was back when he thought Steve was just a spoiled rich kid, all the envy and jealousy filled him up till all he wanted was to knock him down. After watching him for a few weeks Billy learned Steve wasn't so privileged after all, his loving parents had packed up and ditched him. That's when he discovered the nightmares and the sleep deprivation.

Billy stirred in the middle of the night feeling the bed move, he looked over at Steve who was covered in a layer of sweat, his brows knitted together and his face twisted in fear.

"Shhh, hey, shh. It's okay... Shhh, I'm right here, you're okay. You're safe... It's safe." Billy whispered wrapping his arms tightly around Steve, at first the brown haired boy fought back against him.

Thrashing around in his hold, but after a few moments his screaming started to die down, his face had been twisted in pain, but it faded, his breathing calmed, and he settled into the set of comforting arms wrapped around him. Steve grabbed Billy's shoulder with one hand hugging him tightly, his brows un-knitted slowly, his eyes flickered around under his eyes.

"It's okay, It's over now... everything's okay... shhh, I've got you, princess." Billy kept whispering soothing things in Steve's ear long after he relaxed, long after he was sure the scrawny boy was asleep.

He liked the way Steve seemed to hum when he called him little pet names, Billy kept brushing his fingers through the soft hair till his eyes slowly drifted shut. Taking note of the fact that sleeping beauty loved to be called princess in his sleep, Billy wonder what else Steve would like. If he'd like Billy fucking him into the ground, fistfull of his soft hair while he whispered what a dirty fucking slut he was in his ear, or if he'd rather be told he was a good little princess for taking his cock so well.

Steve woke first, he was encased in Billy's arms, he sunk deeper in the hold, letting the feeling of warmth and safety wash over him, he pressed his body against the other person, trying to hold onto the

feeling . It had been a long time since he felt like that, since he was able to just lay in peaceful bliss, no worries nipping at him, no fear in the back of his mind. The moment ended shortly after he realized who was holding him, Steve burst out of the other boy's arms and scrambled to the floor in a rather dramatic display. Billy just sat up calmly, he rubbed his eyes and looked down at the other boy sprawled out on the floor, getting to his feet Steve crossed his arms over his chest, he cleared his throat trying not to feel so awkward standing in the middle of his own room.

"What? No morning sex?" Billy said plainly.

Steve turned red, he walked over to Billy and took a swing at the blond hitting him square in the mouth, how dare he?! Who did he think he was? Anger bubbled over, Steve had enough, it wasn't some stupid game, he wasn't some toy for the other boy to play with and he was though letting Billy get away with treating him like dirt. Billy was quick to tackle the smaller boy, he lifted him up and slammed him back down onto the bed, Steve looked up at him in shock he put his hands up to guard his face. Climbing on top of the taller boy Billy looked down at him fist pulled back ready, but he hesitated, Steve looked up a little surprised he wasn't getting pummeled, still thankful for it.

"You have such a fire!" Billy yelled sitting back on Steve's hips. "Too bad it's so weak, I could break you.. Over and over... I could beat you to a fucking pulp."

Billy reached down and grabbed Steve's face with one hand leaning down so he was face to face with Steve..

"You just can't help yourself can you? You have this need to protect." Billy looked down at Steve's mouth, he licked the blood off his own lips.

"I can hear you at night, screaming. No, no. Dustin, Mike, Lucas, you even say my sister's name some nights... At first I thought you were some kind of perv.... But you always wake up so scared. I just can't put my finger on why" Billy smiled, he could see the little hamster wheel turning in the other boy's head.

"You're trying to save them, aren't you? I gotta say..." Billy ran his thumb over Steve's lip pressing roughly on the cut from last night. "I was flattered to hear my name. I've never seen you cry like that."

"The egg... that was you." Steve said feeling violated, he pulled his face free of Billy's hold but didn't try to get out from under him.

"Yeah, I can't sleep either.. It's refreshing to see the golden boy just as broken as the rest of us" Billy whispered rolling his hips into Steve's crotch, the blond leaned into the other boy just inches away from his lips.

The thin fabric did nothing to protect Steve from feeling every bit of Billy's hard dick rubbing against him, groaning at the feeling Steve was at a loss, he couldn't react, he was mortified, eyes wide with a dozen different feelings.

"Shh, You're okay princess... Shhh, I'm right here..." Billy baited.

"I..." Steve blinked up at him, the faint memory of Billy soothing him crossed his mind, but everything was so overwhelming, he couldn't think.

"Stop! Stop! Get off of me!" Steve yelled shoving the bigger boy off of him, to his surprise Billy obeyed rolling off him.

"What? Now that the nightmare passed I'm not good enough?" Billy asked laying still on the bed.

"Wha?" Steve looked around confused, it was too much, Billy had just admitted to stalking him, watching him sleep, he said so many things, but it was too much.

"I.. You..I.. are you insane?!"

Steve couldn't even begin to process what he had heard, couldn't handle the information he had been given, everything in his body was screaming for him to just leave, get up and run away. Ever since he was a little kid his parents told him to stand his ground, when things started to mess up with Nancy he stood his ground, he went after her, he stood by her. When Dustin towed him around hunting monsters he stood his ground, he didn't let fear overtake him. This



was worse, the feeling of being stuck in this room with this conversation was worse than facing any of the monsters Nancy had brought into his life.

Without warning Steve got up out of the bed and ran out of the room, he needed air, it was suffocating, no shoes, he couldn't think with Billy sprawled out on his bed looking up at him, no change of clothes, he ran out the front door and didn't look back, he had to get out of there, had to find room to breath.

Billy watched the brown haired boy run, he walked to the window and looked after Steve as he ran down the street barefoot.

"Hm..." Billy mutter wishing he had a cigarette.

## 4. Chapter 4: Inside Out

In some twisted turn of events Steve ended up at the end of the Byers' driveway, he looked down at his feet, his socks were torn and his feet hurt too much to walk back home(or that's the excuses he used to stay away from Billy), so with a heavy sigh Steve made his way to the door. Looking and feeling like a pathetic loser he knocked gently on the door, he had accepted that Nancy was in love with Jonathan, but that didn't make Steve hate the other boy, he just didn't like him any better than before. Mrs. Byers opened the door and looked at him surprised, she blinked past the confusion and welcomed him inside.

"Uh, is Jonathan home?" Steve asked smoothing his hair back out of his face.

"Oh, yeah. Yeah, he's here." She answered turning to go get him from deeper in the house.

"You don't even like Jonathan." Will said appearing from the kitchen.

With a smile Steve walked over to the younger boy and ruffled his hair, he looked back to check if the other two had come back yet.

"Yeah, well. I thought I'd make sure I still don't like him."

Will laughed and shrugged, he looked down at Steve's socks and gave him another look over.

"What happened to you? You look worse then I did whe-" Steve shushed him when the other two heading back.

"Hey, I'll tell you later. Alright shthead?" Steve said in a hushed voice.

"Hey, Steve...." Jonathan said scratching the back of his head, he noticed the torn up socks and fact that Steve looked like trash right away, but chose not to say anything.

"Thanks, Ms. Byers. Do you mind if talk to Jonathan for a minute?"

Joyce nodded and started to speak again, but Steve thanked her again

and dragged the raven haired boy back to his bedroom, closing the door behind them.

"Okay, I know we aren't friends but.... I did help save your brother a few times and i think you kinda owe me. I mean i'm pretty sure you and Nancy would have died if I didn't come back and start swinging."

Steve rambled. "Uh, well I have this problem, I mean it's not as big as a faceless monster trying to eat me, but it's not something I'd charge into, i mean I'm not scared, well... I mean, it's just a lot and I"

"Steve.. Steve! Whatever you need... just calm down."

"I need to crash here for the weekend..."

Jonatha blinked at the brown haired boy, he rubbed his shoulder and nodded.

"Yeah, okay. But... uh, I don't.... my shoes won't fit you... and I only have black shit." It was a joke, a bad one at that, but Steve laughed because he needed to, he needed to stop feeling so lost and confused.

"I would have gone somewhere else... but..."

"You have nightmares?"

Steve let out a soft laugh, he nodded feeling better for not being alone in the madness of sleep deprivation.

"Yeah... keep... seeing that face, and I've been thinking... about Barb.... uh..." Steve clenched his jaw and swallowed hard.

"Yeah?... um, if you don't mind me asking... what's with the socks?"

Steve laughed he shook his head and shrugged. "It's a long story."

"Parents gone again?" Jonathan asked biting his thumb nail.

"Yeah, I guess Nancy told you?"

"Hm, yeah..."

Jonathan walked over and grabbed some extra clothes out of his

closet, he tossed them to Steve and knelt down to look at his shoes inspecting the numbers on them, Steve held out the shirt looking at the obscene picture on it. It was better than nothing, Steve changed into the new clothes and felt a little weird in the dark clothes, and Jonathan tried to bite back a laugh at the sight of him. After coming out empty handed Jonathan offered Steve a seat on his bed and they talked for awhile, mostly about Will and the other boys, they touched on Nancy, but it was an awkward topic.

It wasn't long till Joyce knocked on the door and told them it was time to eat. There was already a place for Steve when Jonathan causality informed his mother that he was gonna crash with them for a few nights while his folks were out, she automatically started mothering him, it was kinda sweet, but it made him miss his own mother. Of course he was welcome to stay any time he wanted, he could stay as long as he needed. The dinner was nice, it felt better then Steve had anticipated, a real family dinner, like he used to have with his parents, back when Steve was a self entitled asshole and thought his father was was a 'real piece of work', after he'd almost been eaten Steve's perspective changed. Watching the family laugh and talk so easily was both comforting and painful, he felt this evy bubble up inside him, jealous at the fact that Jonathan had so much support and he was left out in the cold to endure everything alone.

Steve had just nodded off when Jonathan started groaning, he tossed and turned, Steve sat up and watched him from a blow up mattress on the floor. Rubbing his eyes he whispered over to Jonathan, but the raven haired boy's face knotted up and he started to whimper, Steve got up out of the twin sized bed and put his hand on Jonathan's shoulder.

"Jonathan... Hey, wake up." Steve yawned, as Jonathan swatted his hand away.

Screaming erupted from the sleeping boy and Steve grabbed his shoulders shaking him gently, still Jonathan thrashed around, so much that Steve had to put his knee on the bed for support.

"Jonathan! Hey, man wake up, it's just a dream." Steve hissed looking back at the door, he was hoping he could quite Jonathan down before he woke the rest of the house.

"WILL! WILL! WILL!" The raven haired boy cried out as he sat up in the bed.

Jerking back from the sudden movement Steve grabbed Jonathan's shoulder trying to keep him calm, the other boy looked at him frantic, sweat covering his face, tears in his eyes, his whole body shaking. Looking at the other boy Steve sighed, he hugged Jonathan softly letting him cling to him, letting him calm himself, the door opened and Will looked over at them, he rubbed his eyes and crawled into bed patting his big brother's leg softly as he laid down closing his eyes.

Steve felt the bitter sting of jealousy again, Jonathan was so close with Will, they shared the nightmares, the comfort, they shared the burden of everything that happened to them. At one point Steve had that, the comfort, a person to share it with, but now Jonathan had her too, it felt like Jonathan had everything Steve wanted, but Steve couldn't find it in himself to hate him for it... Maybe Steve was just meant to suffer alone...

Joyce cleared her throat from the bedroom door, all three boys looked up at her from the full sized bed they had sprawled out on. Steve was laying on his stomach, his arm under a pillow for support, Will was laying his head on Steve's back, his legs across Jonathan with his hand on the older boy's back, Jonathan was on his stomach too, one leg thrown over Steve's. They were entangled and it took more than they would ever admit to realize how they must have looked, all the boys jumped up out of the bed and adjusted themselves trying to feel less awkward.

"Breakfast is ready..." Joyce muttered giving them a soft smile, she was trying not to laugh.

Laying on the lavish bed Billy looked up at the ceiling in Steve's room, he had fished out his cigarettes from his wet pants on the stairs, but they were ruined from the dip he'd taken in the pool last night. It was starting to make him restless, waiting for the other boy without his nicotine to take the edge off, instead he just laid there thinking about all the way he's was going to break the boy down. That just made him think of the missed opportunity from that night and in the morning. It took him a moment to adjust to the backlash,

that other voice in the back of his head that whispered sanity into the void of madness, it had been a long while since he'd heard that voice.

If you really wanted him to suffer you wouldn't have confronted him, you would have let him scream... but you didn't, you chose to soothe him.

Of course Billy ignored the voice, ignored the way thinking about the weaker boy withering in his hold made him feel... powerful, it made him feel alive, but not like he usually did. This feeling was different, different than he felt when he yelled at Max, or when he was punching someone, it was even different than when he looked down at some ugly girl sucking him off.

Pretty boy

Scoffing Billy got to his feet and started snooping around, the deeper in he searched the more Billy felt that anger and jealousy stir, the house was filled with expensive things that Billy knew he'd never have. Pictures of a wholesome family, happy, posing in lavish clothes. Finding few pictures of Steve with Nancy, they looked happy, like every other couple, normal, and it dawned on him just how sad that made Steve, holding onto pictures of his ex even though she was living it up with someone new.

Rummaging through the fridge, Billy ate leftovers from a foil covered plate, it was meatloaf and mashed potatoes, he laughed at the fact that the reheated food was better than his 'new mother's' his dad would beat the crap out of him if he ever told her. After he ate Billy looked around some more, but he couldn't help coming back to Steve's room, looking at the window he had peered through so many times. It seemed like a habit, come home with Max, watch her stomp around like the spoiled brat she was, watch his father fume knowing full well he wouldn't raise a finger to the redhead, get beat, climb out the window and walk to Steve's.

The first night it happened he was ready to take the anger out on the smaller boy, ready to beat the answers of that night in the byer's house out of him, sure max had made a point that Billy couldn't take his anger out on her or the other brats but Steve? Nothing was stopping him from ripping that boy apart. Once Billy reached his

house he found Steve home alone, the other boy was in the empty house shaking, covered in sweat, he was crying and rocking himself back and forth, it was far more interesting to watch the fear engulf him.

The crying boy had become his new favorite thing, even on nights when he didn't end up with dad sneaking into his room coving Bill's mouth so the girls wouldn't hear the sounds of pain. Watching Steve scream, watching him toss and turn, seeing him wake up in pain, face covered in fear, it was like a release, it was better than coming on a girl's face, better than watching her reaction, it was intoxicating seeing someone else so raw and in pain.

And so the obsession began, you watched him like the creep you are.

Rolling his shoulders Billy opened the closet doors, he let his fingers dance across the fabric as he searched for a shirt, once he found the one Steve had been wearing the first night Billy caught him screaming in the night, Billy yanked it from the hanger.

Save it for later, when you can picture that face all knotted together screaming, writhing around, save it for tonight.

Shifting around the thought was oddly uncomfortable, but it wasn't completely wrong, walking slowly over to the bed he touched the pillow, it was covered in white sweat lines from where the salt had dried. After Billy had woken up in the Byer's house all alone, groggy and feeling like shit, he had walked home since his car was missing, his father had gone ballistic, but Max was home, his car was home. Both safe and sound. There was this need to know, he had questioned Max about it a hundred times but each time she just blew him off, that night, the first night he had needed the answers, but the need was replaced. An obsession had formed and Steve was now the center, he was the only thing interesting in the shitty town.

Steve Harrington...

## 5. Chapter 5: Reminisce

Originally Steve considered staying with Jonathan for three or four days, but after waking up in the middle of the night twice and then Joyce finding them cuddled together in the mornings he decided two days was enough, it did make them a little more open to each other. Steve felt all the envy and jealousy fade away, staying there he saw the raven haired boy in a new light, he could see why Nancy liked the guy so much (though he'd never admit it).

"Thanks, I uh..." Steve pursed his lips and turned his head. "I really appreciate this."

"Yeah... yeah. No problem." Jonathan said with his hands on the steering wheel.

"I'll get the clothes back to you at school tomorrow..."

"It's cool man, they look good on you. Ever consider becoming a freak?" Jonathan laughed shaking his head.

"Nah, I think I'm a little too pretty for the losers club." Steve joked.

Both boys chuckled as Steve got out of Jonathan's car, the brown haired boy stayed by the curb and waved as the other drove off.

With a heavy sigh Steve looked over at his house, it looked just the same as always, but he suddenly dreaded going inside, he figured Billy was long gone, but something in the pit of his stomach questioned 'what if he's not?'. The front door was unlocked, taking a step inside Steve looked around, nothing was out of place, the wet spot on the floor had dried and the clothes on the stairs still lingered there, picking them up as he walked carefully up he could feel his pulse rising.

Standing in front of his door Steve grabbed the knob, he hesitated for a long moment, could Billy really still be waiting from him in there? Perched perfectly on his bed waiting for Steve to come home? No, no, of course not. Turning the handle Steve let the door swing open, he stepped into the room and let out a breath he didn't know he was



holding. The room was empty, Steve threw himself on the empty bed and sank into the familiar feeling.

Taking a moment to enjoy the bed Steve hugged his pillow to his face, taking in a deep breath Steve looked down at the cloth confused, it smelled just like Billy, like the guy sprayed perfume on the bedding. Shrugging it off Steve settled back into the bed letting the scent incase him, pulling up the thick comforter Steve snuggled in and drifted into a exhausted sleep. Steve hadn't noticed just how drained he was after getting a few decent hours of sleep with Jonathan, it was like a tease, reminding him just how good it felt to get real rest.

Home wasn't nearly as bad as Billy thought it was going to be, he had been gone for two nights (one of which he spent holding another guy in his arms) and his dad normally would be livid, but for whatever reason tonight he was content. The family sat down and ate a 'nice' hot meal, it was pork chops dad's favorite, for a moment Billy wondered if Susan had made them so Neil would be in less of a shitty mood. Either way the blond was thankful for the quiet night, ignoring the brat Billy brushed his teeth next to her, she kept stealing glances and normally it would annoy Billy tonight he just stood next to her till he was done, she looked after him with that stupid confused face.

Locking the door gave Billy an odd sense of comfort, even though he knew if his dad tried to get in later Billy would be in big trouble, it was worth the risk, beside Susan looked like she was gonna put out tonight, it should put the old man to sleep after. Throwing on a pair of shorts Billy laid back into his bed, he closed his eyes and put his arm over his face, rocking his foot to put himself to sleep.

Steve Harrington's shirt is on your dresser... It. Smells. Just. like. Him.

It took a full hour before Billy gave into the little voice, he got up and grabbed the shirt taking a deep breath of him in, for a moment he put it back down on the dresser, but his hand lingered there.

You know you want it...

Settling back into the bed Billy felt the sting of want balling up in his stomach, he could feel the blood rushing down to his cock. Pressing the cloth to his face Billy ran a hand down his chest, pushing on his waistband of his shorts so he could slip his dick out, it was surprising how quickly he had gotten hard just thinking about the way Steve looked so weak. A breath caught in his throat as he pictured him looking rather helpless, Billy imagined the boy looking up at him with those big fuckable doe eyes, down on his knees... bringing his hand up to his lips Billy spit in his palm, using the liquid as lube he rubbed the head of his cock, biting down on the shirt to keep back the groans Billy took another deep drag of Steve.

Fuck he smells so fucking good...

Wet stroking sounds filled his ears and Billy tried to picture how Steve would look sucking him off, he'd look so fucking beautiful, his face hot, pink cheeks, brows knitted together from working so hard against Billy, eyes shut tightly. So sweet, so innocent. Pushing the shirt against his mouth Billy let out a strangely loud moan, the shirt muffled it but it still made him turn to watch the door. The strokes deepened, running his thumb over the tip each time he reached the top and bucking up into his hand as he brought it back down, the feeling mixed with imagining Steve in such filthy ways sent him easily into an orgasm.

Tossing his head back Billy clenched the cloth to his face tightly desperate to keep himself quite enough so no one woke up. Riding the feeling Billy slowed his strokes, the hot liquid rolled over his knuckles, leading him to wonder if Steve would let him come in his mouth, he questioned if he could get Steve to swallow him up like the bitch he was. Balling up the shirt in his hand Billy shoved it under his pillow before getting up to clean himself off, it was unsettling after the high of the orgasm wore off just how much he enjoyed what had just happened.

Billy had no idea at what point he had gone from hating everything about Steve, wanting to rip him apart, to wanting to fuck him, maybe it was so he could dirty the golden boy up? Or maybe it was just the fact that Billy had a thing for brunettes, and the boy's eyes screamed fuck me. Maybe he just liked picturing the only other person in the town that had any balls down on their knees submitting to him,

either way Billy was worried about just how much he wanted to sneak out the window and fuck Steve Harrington till he was screaming Billy's name again.

For the first time in long time, longer than he could remember Steve woke up in the morning feeling good, he sat up in bed and looked around a little disoriented, he ruffled his hair as he threw the blanket off his body. It was astounding, he laughed feeling overwhelmed, no nightmare... Steve had slept through the night without waking up screaming, no monsters lurking, no letting the people he loved die, there was nothing and Steve couldn't describe just how ecstatic that made him.

Laying back in the bed Steve looked up at the ceiling letting the joy wash over him, maybe he was starting to settle, maybe knowing he wasn't so alone gave him enough comfort to start sleeping again. School was going to be a breeze, Steve actually felt like himself again, instead of the zombie he'd been since he stopped sleeping. Since Nancy stopped calling him, since his friends list was cut down to a group of 13 year olds, since he felt like a burden. All Steve had been for the past few months was hopeless, he didn't care enough about anything (other than the kids of course), it was the worst feeling. It was so strange how truly important Sleep was, it turned him into a completely different person.

The savory sleep only lasted for a few days, on the fourth night Steve ended up dreaming about Barb floating around in his pool, body parts ripped off, her eyes glazed over, watching him, she kept asking him why he'd killed her. It seemed that since Nancy had told him they were responsible for Barb he just couldn't stop blaming himself. Steve started talking to Jonathan more at school, they would talk about meaningless things, but it helped soothe them both, and Nancy loved seeing them getting along so well, she teased that they had become best friends. It wasn't something either of the boys would admit, but they didn't deny it either, it seemed like they could at least find some sort of normality in each other that they struggled finding in other people.

On the seventh day Steve fell asleep in English class, he hadn't even noticed how tired he was, but half way through the class he ended up jolting away covered in sweat screaming. It took him a moment to

realize where he was, the teacher kept him after class and told him she was a safe place for him, but he just told her he had watched a horror movie marathon with his parents and it had freaking him out.

The teacher gave him a weak smile and made him promise that he'd lay off the horror flicks, leaving the room he felt the other kids staring at him like he was some freak. Billy watched him from his locker like he would eat him alive if given the chance, Steve pulled up his jacket hood and ignored them all.

It seemed like the only time he could sleep was when he was invited to game night at the wheeler's house, the kids tried getting him into D&D but each time he ended up asleep on the couch in the little basement. During school hours coffee was his savor, it kept him up through the day and left him feeling groggy enough to fall asleep at night, he'd always wake up screaming after a few hours, but the little bit of sleep was enough to keep him from becoming zombie Steve again.

The thing about having someone stalk you is, they are always around. Steve jumped when Billy walked up behind him and slammed his locker door shut, turning quickly Steve shoved Billy away from him, watching as the blond stumbled backward. There was a look that Steve couldn't place on Billy's face, he watched him carefully waiting for his response to the action. The slightly shorter boy simply laughed, it was whole hearted and sounded oddly light.

It was intimidating, Billy smoothed out Steve's jacket, pressing closer into his personal space and taunting him, but Steve wasn't interested in the charade anymore. Shaking his head at the blond Steve pushed him back again, this time he used enough force to make Billy growl, he could see the anger start bubbling under Billy's skin.

"Oh.." The blond hissed.

The first time they had fought Steve had been defending the kids, Billy had Lucas pinned and looked like he was going to murder the kid in cold blood, this time was different. There was this spark, this raging fire that crackled between them and threatened to burn them both alive. Looking around Billy snickered at the taller boy, he licked his teeth before turning back to Steve taking a swing, Steve dipped

out of the way but was clipped by Billy when he brought his knee up. Grabbing Billy's knees and jerking them out from under as he shoved his shoulder into Billy's chest sent the blond sprawling onto the ground, the blond groaned and held his side.

Looking up in disbelief from the ground Billy blinked up at the taller boy, he smirked at Steve sending chills down the brown haired boy's spine and looked rather happy with himself. The crowd had caught the attention of a nearby teacher who broke through the students and grabbed Steve by the arm, he glared down at Billy then back at Steve.

"No fighting on school grounds! For God sake, you two should have more respect!" He hissed shooting a daring look at the kids still lingering to watch the chaos.

The teacher dragged them both to the principal's office and sat them outside while he went in to fill his superior in on what happened in the hall. Looking up Steve caught Billy's piercing gaze, it was like he was trying to burn a hole though Steve, it made the taller boy shift in his seat uncomfortably.

"What the hells your problem Hargrove?" Steve demanded standing up from his chair.

Billy just looked up at him intently, as if Steve was the most interesting thing he'd ever laid eyes on, it made Steve want to fold into himself. It made him squirm more than he like to admit, the way Billy captured him with his gaze. Billy licked his lips and opened his mouth to speak when he was cut off by the principal walking out of his office, he pointed at each of them and told them to follow him into the small room.

Both boys ended up getting riled up again and Billy took another swing, Steve clocked him in the jaw and they were both suspended. A week without school would normally be something Steve would celebrate, but lately school was a much needed distraction from his maddening empty house, it gave him something to focus on other then the nightmares that haunted him. Without it Steve was left to himself, he was left feeling completely alone and it only fed the monsters looming over him.

It wasn't something Steve liked to admit but baking actually help him take his mind off things, he spent all of the first night of suspension making cookies and cupcakes. The frosting took the longest because he cut the tip off a plastic bag and wrote little designs on the tops. Looking at the messy Cupcakes Steve wished he had Will's talent in drawing, because almost everything he tried to draw ended up looking like a blob.

Steve took a hot shower to clean off the sugar off himself, he was covered in the stuff, he felt silly but he kept checking the door, he had this gnawing feeling that something was watching him, and everytime he closed his eyes he saw the horde of demo dogs running at him.

It was the quickest shower of his life and he was sure he still had suds on him when he put the towel around his waist. Walking to his room Steve caught a glimpse of himself in the full length mirror, he looked like shit, he was pale and he had bags under his eyes, his hair was getting long, but at least it looked like he was starting to tone his body.

The moment passed and Steve walked into his room, he took the towel and used it to dry his hair before tossing it into the laundry hamper. Looking through his dresser Steve pulled out a pair of gym shorts and boxers, he sighed looked back at his hamper he realized he need to wash clothes, putting on the clothes he had left Steve towed the dirty clothes down to the washer and started a load. Shivering from the nippy air Steve hugged himself as he walked back to his room.

In the morning Steve realized that he hadn't changed the load of clothes and spent the day cleaning, he washed all the clothes he owned, and scrubbed the kitchen removing all the Icing off the counter. Steve was hoping it would make the day fly by but it had only killed the school day, with a heavy sigh he packed away all the baked goods and drove over to see Dustin.

It wasn't till later that he realized just how big of a mistake that was, Dustin had gone over to Mikes. Steve ended up hostage to Dustin's mother who wouldn't stop thanking him for taking her son under his wing, it took an hour before he finally told her he had to go take the

group of kids the rest of the sweets. It took a dozen cookies and five cupcakes before she let him out the door. Steve felt kinda bad for the woman, she was a single mom and she seemed lonely, but Steve really had nothing in common with the woman, aside from Dustin.

The gang of kids seemed to distrust the baked goods that Steve offered once they found out he made them himself, Nancy had tried to steal a batch and it finally made the kids dare to taste the sweets given to them. Steve watched in awe as the kids fought Nancy over the cookies, after she lost, the petite girl batted her eyes at Steve till he promised to make her a brand new batch.

"You know I have a weak spot for your peanut butter chocolate chip strucle cookies, it's like heaven in my mouth." Nancy laughed hugging Steve's arm.

"I bet that's not the first time you've said that." Dustin muttered under his breath.

The whole room looked like they were going to kill him, but Steve started laughing, he gave the puffy haired kid a high five and let Nancy punch him as revenge. Dustin looked too happy with himself and Steve shot him a pointed look 'Don't get us killed', Nancy glared at him thinking about hitting him too, but Steve distracted her with cookies, it seemed to keep her content.

For a short time everything felt like old times, Nancy by his side fighting with him for baked goods, he held the cookie up over her and watched as she tried to jump up and take it from his hand. The kids all looked between themselves and joined Nancy in the attack knocking Steve down to the ground, they climbed over him fighting for the last cookie.

With a laugh Steve shoved it in his mouth and watched as they looked at him in shock. They got revenge when Steve laughed again and started choking on the cookie. Nancy helped him sit up and patted his back, once he was done coughing Steve laid his head on her shoulder as she soothed him, Steve didn't realise just how much he truly missed just being with her.

Coming home after the day spent in the wheeler's basement was

miserable, he was left feeling nostalgic, he missed sneaking into Nancy's room and spending the night cuddled to her, he missed the way she looked kissing him all over, the way her skin felt against his. With a groan Steve pushed all the memories of her back down, walking into his room Steve looked over at his window, it was opened.

Turning his head in confusion Steve tried to remember if it was open when he left, with a shrug he chose to ignore it. Digging through his closet Steve couldn't find his favorite sleep shirt, he scratched his head, he knew he had to be here. He had just seen it when he washed all of his clothes, maybe it was what he wore to Jonathan's? No that was a long sleeve, maybe Billy? No, he couldn't lift the bastard to get a shirt on him, and that was before he did laundry.

Looking over at his hamper out of habit he knitted his brows together, a single shirt was in the basket. Again Steve chose to ignore the problem, he changed into a pair of sweatpants and collapsed in his bed, he laid there trying not to let his mind wander, but at some point he just couldn't stop himself.

Closing his eyes Steve pictured Nancy again, he licked his lips remembering her touch, the way she liked to trail her fingers down his chest slowly, teasing him was her favorite past time. Making him beg her, making him wait till he couldn't wait anymore and just took her. A smile crossed his face thinking about the way he had pinned her gently to the bed, her laughter filling his ears and the way she gasped at his touch.

Steve shifted in the bed feeling himself starting to get flustered, it had been such a long time since he had felt someone touch him, since a pair of lips were on his. Thinking about it Steve remembered Billy had been the last person to kiss him. The memory turned Steve's cheeks red, he groaned rubbing his head, it was bad enough that his last kiss was from that asshole, but it was so much worse knowing he actually liked the way it felt.

Everything about Billy was completely different from what Steve had with Nancy, his kisses were sloppy, wet, his whole demeanor was harsh. Everytime Billy touched him it was rough, and Steve didn't know if he even liked it, with a heavy sigh Steve rolled over in the



bed pulling the thick blanket over his head. One deep breath and Steve tossed the cloth off his body, it still smelled of Billy, (which it shouldn't because that was days ago) it was obviously the reason he kept thinking of the other boy. With a growl Steve got too his feet, gathering the bedding Steve stormed out of his room, he shoved the blanket into the washer and stuffed in the sheet, grabbing the laundry soap hesitantly.

Looking down at the fabric covered in Billy's scent it donned on Steve, it had been weeks since Billy had slept in his bed... and Steve washed everything two days ago... turning to look at the shelving with the extra bedding Steve set the soap down and grabbed the comforter that was on his bed when Billy had stayed. Turning again he grabbed the new Billy covered blanket, it took him longer then he would ever admit to realise what it meant, Billy had been there since that night....

## 6. Chapter 6: Deeper

It was as if Billy knew, as if somehow he realized that Steve had finally figured out that he'd been sneaking into his room, because when Steve came back to his room there Billy sat. Perched perfectly on Steve's bed looking a little roughed up, it took a moment to blink away the shock; after Steve crossed his arms over his chest and gave Billy a sideways glance as he tossed the blanket on the floor.

"What the hell are you doing here Hargrove?"

Billy didn't answer, he just sat there staring a hole through Steve. (Steve swore the guy was gonna murder him any second)

"What happened to your face?" Steve tried in a softer tone.

Again Billy said nothing, he just sat there watching Steve as if the blond could devour him- it was unsettling, Steve shifted between his feet ruffling his hair. With a sigh Steve walked out the door and grabbed a washcloth from the bathroom cabinet, he wet it with warm water and returned to Billy who hadn't moved an inch. Steve hesitated in front of the blond, looking down at the boy on his bed he could feel the anger coming off Billy in waves- he looked like a feral dog.

Bending over slightly, gently Steve touched the cloth to Billy's face wiping blood from under his nose, after Billy made no objections Steve grabbed his chin and pointed his face up; getting a better look. When the cloth touched a cut on Billy's eyebrow he hissed in pain, the sound made Steve jerk his hand back, as if he was scared Billy would attack him for the action, but the boy just watched him with searing eyes.

After Steve had finished cleaning the blood and dirt off Billy's face he grabbed his hand, he started to clean them off but they were devoid of mess. Whatever had happened Billy didn't fight back, Steve ran his thumb over the clean knuckles, Billy just let himself get hit, he let someone hit him over and over...

Billy growled, he shot up and grabbed Steve's face pushing him back

into the wall viciously, he kissed the taller boy rough and desperate, pushing himself harder against Steve, looking down at the blond shocked, Steve pushed him off.

"Billy, what the hell?!" Steve hissed.

It had no effect on Billy whatsoever, again Billy shoved Steve into the wall and put his mouth on Steve's, shoving his tongue into the other boys. Steve made a sound of objection and pulled himself away turning his head to the side. It was a mistake, Billy grabbed Steve's jaw putting a thumb under his chin holding Steve's head to the side.

A scream was muffled by Billy moving his hand up to cover Steve's mouth as he sunk his teeth into the brown haired boys neck. It hurt at first and Steve grabbed Billy's shoulders digging his nails into the thin shirt, but after a moment Billy loosened up and started sucking on the tender flesh, Steve melted, he moaned so loudly he startled himself.

Driving his hips feverishly into Steve's Billy ran his tongue over the deep indentations on the taller boy's neck, Steve whimpered softly letting the feeling of ecstasy wash over him. Remembering his objections Steve grabbed Billy's hand and slipped it off his mouth- his whole body jerked when Billy bit down on him again, compelling another embarrassingly loud moan to slip out.

"S-Stop... Bil.. Billy sto-stop." Steve huffed weakly.

Surprisingly Billy complied, he gave Steve a few inches of space and put his head in the crook of Steve's neck.

"No...Don't ask me to stop." Billy whispered against Steve's clavicle.

Steve took a deep breath, he looked up at the ceiling trying to clear his thoughts, he was still reeling from the bite; the throbbing in his growing wasn't helping him either, but he couldn't do this. It felt to much like taking advantage of the blond, something was obviously wrong with him, and this was just a cry for help.

"I can't... you.. What happened?" Steve asked unmoving.

Billy laughed, he shook his head and pulled away from Steve, he gave

him this look Steve couldn't place.

"I didn't come here to talk."

"I'm not some chick you can fuck to get your mind off things, you come here drunk, beat up and what? I'm just supposed to take advantage?" Steve gave him a disgusted look.

Billy laughed once more, he licked his lips; looked Steve up and down like a piece of meat before biting his lower lip. Taking a step closer Billy put his hands on Steve's hips, he trailed his fingers slowly over the hem till he reached the center, dipping his fingers inside the cloth teasingly.

"I'm not some helpless bird. I came here to fuck you, because I want to. I want to see you under me, I wanna hear you screaming for me. You think you're taking advantage? I am. I'm here to take advantage of you." Billy's voice was dark, thick with lust and raw with animosity.

Steve swallowed hard, he felt suffocated by the confession; at the same time he felt the heat in his cheeks, felt the want balling up in his stomach. Taking a shaky breath Steve scrambled to clear his head. Why was this a bad thing? Why couldn't he do this? What was he afraid of?

"Tell me to keep going." Billy urged taking a step back so he could glare darkly at Steve.

There was something so appealing about the way Billy looked at him, something that begged Steve to do as he said; normally Steve would fight it with his very core.. Not today though, today Steve was weak, he was exhausted and sick of being the good guy, no, today he was gonna let Billy dirty him up. Today Steve wasn't going to think- he was going to revel in being taken advantage of.

"Keep going."

Two words sent Billy into a frenzy, he closed the distance and latched onto Steve's neck again, moving his hands down to grip the taller boy's ass. The sounds Steve made drove Billy harder, he lifted the

thinner boy up hooking Steve's legs around his hip, Billy walked them across the room; tossed the blue eyed boy down into the bare bed. Steve looked up at him with irresistible doe eyes, Billy climbed up on top of Steve grinding his ass down on Steve's hard dick. The movement made Steve toss his head back, biting down on his lip to keep from making too much noise- it was embarrassing how easy it was for Billy to make Steve moan.

Leaning down Billy caught Steve's lips, he kissed him slowly, drawing each movement out teasing the taller boy. Steve put his hands on Billy's hips pushing them down as he bucked his hips up into the blond, it made Billy laugh into the kiss. Moving up off the bed Billy looked down at Steve who looked up at him dazed; confused, it wasn't till he was laying there watching Billy take off the shirt that he realized it was the one he was missing. Billy tossed it aside and unzipped his pants, it suddenly dawned on him that Billy was about to fuck him, a small amount of fear crept over Steve.

No one had ever fucked him before, he hadn't even figured out how that was going to happen yet. Were they going to rub dicks or something? Then it dawned on him, his ass, Billy was going to shove himself... Steve's heart raced, was it going to hurt? Thinking back he remembered something about Gay sex hurting, or anal in general, he had no experience with another guy.

"Calm down Princess... I'm not gonna hurt you." Billy chuckled running his tongue over his bottom lip.

Confused Steve watched Billy crawl on the bed, a slew of curses slip out as Billy bit down on his hip, bucking up into the feeling Steve gasped. It made Billy smirk up at him, he hadn't expected Steve to be so into getting bitten; Billy loved the way it made Steve wither. Pulling the sweats off Steve's body Billy was taken aback at the length of Steve's dick, a deep blush covered Steve's whole body and it made Billy chuckle. Grabbing Steve by the base Billy started slow strokes, the brown haired boy whimpered, the blond pressed his lips to the tip and swirled his tongue around the head.

Honestly Steve wasn't expecting any of this to happen this way, he had thought Billy was gonna be rough, he thought he was gonna get a dick rammed into him and he was gonna feel broken and dirty. It

was completely different; Steve didn't know how he felt about that. The way Billy swallowed Steve up made him beg for more, it drove Steve's hips up, it rolled his eyes back into his head and arched his body into the feeling. It wasn't till the feeling stopped and he felt teeth sinking into his thigh that Steve remembered; Billy Hargrove turned him into goo, a finger pressed at Steve and he tensed up.

"Relax pretty boy." Billy cooed wrapping his lips around Steve's cock again.

It was a mixture of fear and pleasure; Steve let his body go lax like Billy had told him, the wet finger pushed into him slowly causing Steve to groan, at the same time Billy deepthroat every inch of Steve. It only took a few minutes for Steve to start cursing again; garble out a few words then moan and gasp, his body writhing around under Billy's touch. Pulling away from Steve, who objected to not being touched, Billy looked down at him and chuckled.

"So eager... Don't worry your pretty little head, I'll fuck you in just a minute."

Steve looked away trying to feel less like a bitch, he didn't realize he was enjoying himself so much till Billy teased him. Spitting in his hand Billy lathered up his own hard on, crawling in between Steve's legs Billy rubbed the tip of his dick against Steve's asshole, he could feel the other boy tense up again. Looking down at Steve Billy could see he was scared; with a soft smile Billy turned Steve's head so he could kiss him again. Normally Billy wouldn't care, he would have even enjoyed the fact that the person under him was a little scared, but not this time. Looking at Steve Billy didn't want to make his first time painful, the taller boy looked too innocent, he had his eyes shut tightly waiting for Billy to start.

"Don't worry..." Billy whispered against Steve's lips.

Readjusting Billy climbed on top of Steve, aligning himself Billy lowered himself onto Steve's cock, holding onto the headboard with one hand for support. With a groan Billy shuttered, he had to go slowly and his face turned in pain, he had gotten Steve ready and was left unprepared himself. Steve grabbed Billy's hips and had to stop himself from bucking up into the blond.

Rocking back and forth slowly Billy had to use one hand to keep Steve down, the bastard kept trying to thrust into him. After a few awkward moves Billy found a rhythm that felt good, he put both hands on the headboard and rolled his hips, Steve groaned digging his fingers deep into Billy's hips. They moved with each other, Billy biting down on his lip so hard he tasted blood, Steve cursing and thrusting roughly into Billy hitting him in just the right spot. Billy cried out, he couldn't stop, he kept moaning, screaming for Steve to fuck him harder and Steve obliged using his grip on Billy's hips to pull him down as he pumped up into the blond.

"Fuck! Fuck,fuck,fuuuuuuckkk" Billy slurred as he arched his whole body, he tossed his head back feeling himself hit such an amazing orgasam.

Billy had tighten up around him causing steve to let out his own slew of curses, he pulled Billy down hard on himself feeling himself come inside the blond. The warmth mixed with the heat of his come made Steve pump a few more times into Billy before he left himself go lax in the bed.

Billy rolled off Steve and laid with his eyes closed next to him, his heart was pounding in his chest and he was covered in sweat, but it didn't stop Steve from reaching over and kissing him one more time before throwing himself back into the bed.

"You... tell anyone.... I'll cut your fucking tongue out." Billy growled before getting up out of the bed.

Pulling on his pants, he found his shoes; tossed them out the window, Billy pulled out a cigarette pocketing the pack before lighting it up, he took a deep drag before looking back over at Steve.

"Give me your shirt, princess." Billy spoke with the cigg between his lips, smoke filling the room.

Steve looked down at his shirt, he didn't even question it, just pulled the fabric off his slender body and tossed it back to Billy- who retreated out the window he'd climbed in through with it in his hand. Steve was still riding the wave of pleasure hard enough not to care about the threat or the fact that Billy had left him a mess; grabbing

the discarded blanket off the ground he curled up falling into a deep dreamless sleep.



## 7. Chapter 7: What Is

The nights air was bone cold, Billy considered for a moment just going back inside and sleeping with Steve; opting for going home instead. Picking up his shoes the blond made his way to his car parked a few blocks away, Billy couldn't get the taste of Steve out of his mouth. Not even the harsh cigarettes could overpower the boy, he could still feel the throbbing in his ass from where he'd let Steve fuck him. T

Taking another long drag Billy used his thumb to scratch his eyebrow, it was an absent habit. Billy was frozen solid by the time he reached his car, fumbling with the keys as he got in and turned on the heat, the ride home was silent. It was empty, his mind lost in thought, he couldn't stop replaying what had happened.

All this time Billy spent wanting to hurt Steve, wanting to rip him apart and make him just as filthy as him... when the time came Billy coddled him instead. Groaning at the thought he didn't know why he'd done it, but something about knowing Steve was willing to let Billy fuck him made Billy weak. Looking over at the shirt in the other seat Billy felt something strange in his chest, swallowing hard Billy ignored the idea of him... starting to like Steve. Looking back at the road Billy cursed as he slammed on the breaks. The car screeched to a stop just a few inches shy of hitting a large deer, looking out the window the deer was frozen in place by the bright lights of his car.

They both lingered for a long moment, just staring at the other, it took almost a full minute for the deer to unfreeze and start moving again. The blond watched it leave before he started down the road again, all the times he drove through the empty streets, he'd never been so close to hitting something.

The deer walked back into the woods, it stopped dead in it's tracks upon hearing a branch snapping. Scanning the trees it waited for a long time; no other sound of movement. Starting again it walked deeper into the thick trees, it found a lush bush of berries and started to eat getting lost in the chomping sweet orbs. It wasn't till the deer felt the hot breath on it's hind legs that it startled, ready to run. A screeching sound filled the air before teeth sunk into the deer ripping

one leg free of it's body. The deer panicked and tried still to flee from the toothy monster, blood pouring from the hole, stumbling in pain. Reaching down with a large open mouth the monster sunk it's teeth into the deer's stomach feeding on the still living animal.

*"It's like part of it's in the upside down. And part of it is here... in me."*

*The black smoke poured out of Will, it hurt all over, the boy' family had bested it and it was now running with it's tail between it's legs. Smoke bursting through the door and out into the night, it needed time to recover, to keep it's small claim in this world.*

## 8. Chapter 8: Movie Night

Two days passed with Steve looking paranoid over his shoulder, he kept waiting for Billy to appear but he didn't show. Passing the time by cleaning the house Steve had lazily tossed the shirt Billy had been wearing on his nightstand, it sat there for the two days as everything around it was washed and organized. On the third day Steve picked it up, he looked at the Shirt that had been missing from his closet, why did Billy have it? Questions piled up and Steve was starting to feel uneasy about not seeing the blond, looking over his shoulder Steve took a breath of the shirt. It was covered in the stench of Billy and Steve hated the way he liked the smell, chewing on his bottom lip Steve tossed the cloth back on his dresser and headed out the door.

Steve ended up spending the day with the kids again, they had spotted him at the store and enlisted him to help out with the plans for the day. Mike, Dustin and Lucas rode their bikes home while Steve picked up will.

"Hey, hows school?" Steve asked Jonathan while Mrs. Byers went to help Will get ready.

"It's school. How are you holding up, parents come back yet?"

"Nah, I'm fine. It's nice, having some time to myself." Steve lied scratching his head.

"Yeah, alone.." Jonathan chuckled.

Steve looked at him confused, he couldn't have known about Billy could he? Was there a sign that said 'I fucked Billy Hargrove' looming over him or something?

"I can see the bite mark." Jonathan enlightened him.

Steve laughed nervously, he touched the bite and winced at the pain, he had forgotten all about Billy biting him. It was probably bruised up, it made him wonder what the other bites looked like.

"Ready!" Will called darting past the boy and running to the car.

"Later Jonathan."

"Yeah, bye."

They stopped at each house on the way, Dustin who whined about not getting shotgun, Lucas, Mike, they fought over if they should get El or Max first, they asked Steve to break the tie.

"Well... Max is closer. But You'd get more time with El if we got her first." Steve took the long road out to Hoppers and let the kids go by themselves to get the girl.

Of course Hopper came out and threatened Steve a bit, he made sure Steve wouldn't let El get into any trouble before he agreed to let her out of the house. Hopper reminded Steve that he could 'make him disappear' easily if anything happened and Steve promised he'd watch over the girl carefully. Going to get Max was a different story, they couldn't decide who would go get her, all the boys bickering about not wanting to see Billy. They all agreed on El and Steve going, though Steve rebutted with 'but I'm a dude, it's gonna look weird if I'm there.' They promised it would look like an older brother looking after his kid sister.

Knocking at the door Steve let El stand in front while he lingered in the porch door frame, Max's mother answered the door and smiled happily down at El.

"Um, hi... Can Max come out? My brother is gonna take us to the drive ins." El repeated what Lucas had told her to say.

"Oh! I'm Max's mom, she didn't tell me she had plans tonight. How sweet of your brother. Sure, let me just get her." The mother said happily, she closed the door softly behind her as she left.

"Was that alright?" El turned to ask Steve who gave her a thumbs up.

"Now that final" "Oh, Neil it's her brother."

The door opened and a man looked down at El and then over her at Steve, he looked between the two then crossed his arms over his chest. Max and her mom both appeared next to him.

"Is someone going with you to the movies? I'm not sure how comfortable I am with you girls going alone."

"Oh, um, my brother is going to take us." El said shyly.

"Well, I don't know about a grown boy going to the movies with two girls alone." Neil said looking back at Steve again.

"Oh! They can take Billy, he's not doing anything today. I'm sure he'd love to go." The mother said grabbing her husband's arm.

"What?!" All the others objected, Neil looked down at the others with raised brows.

"Is there a problem with my son watching his sister?"

"No, sir." Steve said scratching his head.

"Come on, I don't need Billy to babysit me. El is my friend her dad is just overprotective." Max said looking up at him in a pleading manner.

"I guess that makes two of us then. Billy is going that's final."

With that both parents disappeared into the house, the small group bickered about what they were going to do. Billy couldn't come, the last time he saw Lucas he tried to kill him. Max groaned trying to figure out a plan, maybe he would just leave, he wouldn't want to be stuck with them either.

It took a full ten minutes before Billy came storming out of the house, he looked down at Max grabbing her arm to tow her behind him to his car. Steve stepped in front of Billy stopping him in his tracks, gently pulling Max from his hold. The blonde gave him a surprised look before stepping up to him, Steve looked down at Billy unwilling to let him hurt Max.

"Guys! Stop." Max hissed looking over her shoulder to make sure her parents didn't come out.

Billy shoved Steve out of his way almost knocking him down as he walked past, Steve scoffed and shook his head at the blond. Was he

just going to be an asshole every time he saw Steve in public? Billy would let Steve fuck him but couldn't be bothered to act like a decent human when other people were around?

"Get in, we're taking my car." Billy said as a matter of factly.

"No, We'll meet you there." Steve answered walking the girls to his car.

"Max, come with me. Now." Billy growled clenching his jaw.

Steve gave him a pointed look, challenging, he wanted Billy to try and grab Max like he had again so he could kick his ass. There was a long pause between them, Max looked up at Steve then back to Billy, she had seen what Billy did to him last time. With a heavy sigh Max walked over to Billy' car, the blond gave Steve a devilish smile, taunting him with the victory, tongue darting out to lick his teeth. Steve and El got in the car and watched as Billy peeled off.

"Shit."

Steve and El went to go pick up the others and filled them in on what happened, they all started talking over each other blaming it on everyone else. Steve whistled loudly to shut everyone up, he looked at them disappointed and shook his head.

"Alright, it's bad. But fighting isn't going to fix this."

"Okay, what's your plan?" Dustin asked crossing his arms over his chest.

"Well... I... I don't have one..."

"Great, that's just great. I guess we should all just go and let Billy kill us."

"Billy isn't going to kill us." Steve scoffed.

"Not to be a dick but Billy kicked your ass last time, And I don't see a fresh black belt in your hands." Dustin spoke again.

Once they pulled into the movies Steve bought the ticket for the car,

and let the kids pile out, Giving them ten bucks for food before he went to go find Billy's car so they could park next to each other. Max looked pissed off, her arms crossed as she sat on the hood of the car, Billy laid next to her looking relaxed. One foot on the car, leather jacket opened to show his button down shirt and half of his chest, his sunglasses cover his eyes but Steve was sure they were closed, a cigarette between his lips. Seve pulled in next to them and got out of the car, max jumped down but frowned at the empty car. She put her hands up questioning, Steve pointed to the concession, Max nodded and ran off to meet her friends.

"If you wanted a date you could have just asked." Billy muttered unmoving.

Steve gave him a unamused look. "I just came for Max."

"Mm, okay pretty boy. Just don't let the little shit get in trouble." Billy said sitting up on the hood, he took the sunglasses off his head and licked his lips.

"Wouldn't dream of it." Steve said looking a little confused.

"Well if you don't want me here I got a chick waiting for me. I'll be back for max before ten."

Jumping off the hood of the car Billy walked around to the drivers side, he gave Steve a lingering look before he hopped in the car. Turning the engine on Billy revved the car loudly before he peeled out of the spot leaving Steve standing in a cloud of dust. Coughing Steve watched Billy's car disappear, reaching up Steve touched the bite mark on his neck.

The rest of the time without him was great, the kids spent all the money and brought back so much junk they all had to carry arm fulls, Steve should have known better, but it was worth it. They talked about school and D&D, they were still teaching Max so Dustin had to stop and explain things so often that Steve was starting to catch on. Mike and El walked over to an empty swing set and Steve had to keep looking up to make sure Hopper wasn't going to murder him, Dustin swore Mike was a gentleman. After a few hours it started getting dark and the movie flickered to life, the kids laid out a

blanket on the ground and they all settled in, the movie was 'Nightmare On Elm Street' the kids promised they wouldn't get scared and Steve realized they had tricked him.

"You let them pick a scary movie?" Billy asked from behind them.

Everyone screamed (aside from El, who had heard him coming), Steve jumped up and cleared his throat, he looked down at the kids who were in shock that Billy was standing there seeming so cool about them with his sister.

"Hey, Sinclair." The blond gave him a dark look but it passed quickly and he turned to look at Steve again waiting for his answer.

"What the hell do you care, Hargrove?" Steve answered stepping away from the kids and stepping up to the shorter boy.

Billy laughed, he put his hands up and shook his head letting Steve 'win'. Looking back over his shoulder at the kids Steve wondered why Billy was so relaxed about everything, just as Steve turned back to speak Billy gave him a dark look that silenced him. Swallowing hard Steve could almost see what was going on in Billy's head, he was picturing that night. Shifting uncomfortably Steve gave the kids some distance before he started scolding Billy.

"What the hell are you doing here? Stop looking at me like that asshole."

"The chick was a cow, besides I knew you were gonna flip when you realized they tricked you." Billy laughed light heartedly. "Like they were really gonna see Beverly Hill Cops."

Steve glared at the boy, he didn't like the way Billy had it all figured out, Steve was always a little slow and knowing even Billy Hargrove had outwitted him drove Steve mad. Settling back down Steve shook his head starting to go back to the kids, Billy caught his arm and jerked him back. Shoving him away Steve pointed a finger at Billy warning him to back off, the blond growled and Steve walked up on him again. Not today, Steve wasn't having any of Billy's bullshit tonight, not with his kids sitting a few feet away.



"Sit with me." Billy asked looking up into Steve's big brown eyes, all the anger melting away.

Steve looked at him confused, he took a step back and crossed his arms, what was Billy's game? Gently this time Billy pushed Steve out of his way so he could jump up on the hood, looking at the spot next to him waiting for Steve to join him.

A few seconds passed before Billy sighed and slid off the car sitting against the bumper on the ground just behind the kids, hesitantly Steve walked over and sat next to him. Dustin looked back at the pair giving Steve a look he couldn't place, he figured it meant 'how the fuck did you convince him not to kill us?' and Steve wasn't sure himself.

Halfway through the movie the kids had scooted back and were huddled together, they all gravitated to Steve. Even El was watching the movie leaning back toward the older boy, it made him smile knowing they thought of him like that. Looking over he caught Billy staring at him, the blond looked away, his fingers sliding over Steve's. At one point Steve jumped, all the kids covered their faces and leaned into him, he grabbed Billy's hand and closed his eyes hearing the man on screen screaming as Freddy killed him. At the end all the kids acted like they weren't scared, they got to their feet and talked about how easy they could have taken him out, Freddy was no match for El.

Steve looked over at Billy who was leaning against his car, walking over to him Steve cleared his throat. Billy took a deep drag of the cigarette in his fingers, he didn't look over at Steve he just sat there as if Steve didn't even matter. Nodding at the shorter boy he started to turn away, Steve wasn't really into the whole Hot and Cold thing.

"I'll see you tonight."

Steve turned around to look at Billy, he wondered if Billy was being serious, Steve opened his mouth to speak when El informed him that she needed to go home. Steve lingered there for a long moment, he watched Billy waiting for the blond to say something to him, but he didn't.

"No you won't." Steve said truing away.

Billy waited till he was sure Steve was far enough away before he looked after him, he sniffled rubbing his nose before laying back on the car. Max got in the car and honked the horn, the little shit was ready to go home but Billy was too busy replying Steve telling him no. Closing his eyes he remembered the way Steve had looked under him, scared and helpless. Taking one last deep drag Billy flicked the cigarette.

After the movie Billy took Max to get some real food, she looked at him like he'd grown two heads the whole time they ate and Billy ignored her. All he could think of was Steve, he had tried to get the taller boy off his mind by fucking some random chick, but he couldn't.

"Billy?"

"Hm?"

"Are you okay?" Max asked taking a drink of her soda.

Billy looked over at her, she put the cup down and rubbed her shoulder, they never really talked in less they were fighting. This felt different and Billy wasn't sure if he liked where it was heading. Max looked guilty.

"Now why would you ask me that?" Billy asked looking at her with intimidating eyes.

She shifted in her chair, tucking hair behind her ear, Billy had to admit he was curious what had her looking like a kicked puppy.

"I know you don't like me. So why'd you.... Why are you being so nice to me?"

Billy blinked down at her, he was surprised at the question but he didn't know how to answer without rotting around in the whole 'my dad kicks my ass because of you' thing. Scratching at his chin Billy tried to find the right words.

"I like my dick. You told me to stop fucking with you, so. I mean isn't this what you wanted? It's not like I give a shit about you or anything, your bitch of a mother sorta forced me to babysit."

"You should have just stayed gone then! Why'd you bring me here if you don't"

"Jesus, kid. I'm feeding you, I brought you to your favorite place in this shithole town can you get off my back?" Billy hissed balling his fists and rubbing his head.

Max looked at him funny, she looked down at her food and sighed. He cared about her, the fact that he remembered her saying she loved this place proved it. It reminded her of the dinners from home, and she liked the food, she had told her mom once while Billy was in the car sulking. Tears burned her eyes and it made her angry that she was about to cry because her dick bag 'brother' couldn't act like a human. Everything he said had to be degrading because God forbid anyone think of him as anything but an asshole. Maybe he didn't know how to be anything but, maybe he really only wanted to save his junk.

Neil was drunk when they got home, Susan was upset that Max wasn't home yet and she ran to her daughter as soon as they walked through the door.

"Maxcine! It's midnight you should have been home two hours ago!"

Billy caught the look his dad was giving him and walked to his room, he didn't make it to the other end of the room before his dad was shutting the door behind him. With a sigh Billy shut his eyes, the movie hadn't ended till eleven and Max was due back by ten, ten thirty at the latest. Billy knew what was waiting for him at home, he knew if he didn't drag her out of the movie on time He'd end up here. The food was just a way to prolong the beating, Billy let Max have her night out, now he'd take the hits.

Neil was sloppy, very nearly cracking one of Billy's ribs, he busted Billy's lips (a line clean though both the top and bottom), it wasn't till he heard Susan knock at the door that he stopped. Grateful for once that Susan was there Billy watched from the ground as his father walked out of his room slamming the door shut. It was like opening the floodgates, once the door latched Billy curled up into himself. Sobbing softly he regretted letting Max stay out, he regretted being nice to her, resented everything about her. The thought of her in the

booth looking so angry and so sad made Billy hate her a little less, but she would never be his favorite person. She could never be anything but a reminder of what his life had become.

Steve had taken all the kids home and let Hopper scold him for bringing El home so late. He was even more upset when she told him about the movie they'd watched and how everyone agreed she could kill Freddy. Steve was thankful he had chosen to take El home last, the scolding took about half an hour. At one point Hopper thought about shooting Steve, he could see it in his eyes and the way he reached for his absent gun. Thankful for El Steve sighed when she dragged Hopper back inside, they watched him drive off before closing the door.

By the time Steve had gotten home it was one in the morning, he'd been up since four the night before and couldn't wait to get into bed. Once he pulled into the driveway he could see Billy's car, with a heavy sigh Steve got out of the car and went up to his room knowing full well Billy was going to be there. Steve was angry, he had every intention of walking into his room and kicking Billy's ass, he wanted to make sure the asshole would never break into his house again. Standing in the doorway Steve felt all the anger melt away, he closed the door and walked over to Billy who was asleep on his bed. Face bloody again, curled around Steve's pillow like a child, brushing his hair back with gentle fingers Steve wondered idly what keeps happening to the boy laying in his bed.

Steve kicked off his shoes and climbed into bed with Billy, he pulled the covers up them both before settling in on his side. Billy reached back, he groaned in pain and pulled Steve's hand over him forcing the taller boy to scoot closer, pressed right against the bulkier boy Steve shook his head. The boy had this way of melting his resolve, everytime he found Billy in his house Steve wanted to beat the man, but Billy had this helpless look that made Steve ache.

## 9. Chapter 9: Update!

Morning came and Billy felt like shit, he groaned and rolled over onto his back, he held his ribs looking at the boy sleeping next to him. Steve was laying on his stomach hugging his pillow, a growing puddle of drool under him. A smile spread across Billy's face, he ran a finger over Steve's cheek softly. Lifting his head up Steve wiped the drool off his mouth with the back of his hand, it took him a moment to realize that Billy was still in his bed staring at him. With wide eyes Steve knocked the drool soaked pillow off his bed and sat up in a panic. Billy laughed wincing at the objection in his ribs, but the other boy looked oddly adorable covered in a blush.

"I thought you'd have taken off..." Steve spoke through a yawn.

Shifting in the bed Billy shrugged, honestly he had meant to leave in the night but the bed was so inviting, and Steve was so warm. At one point he remembered Steve soothing his back, kissing his shoulder or neck, he even swept the hair from Billy's face.

"I was planning on it princess, but I couldn't pry you offa me."

Steve scratched the back of his head, and chuckled, he looked like he was going to say something but let it go. Getting up from the bed Steve walked over to his closet, gathering up some clothes he returned to Billy.

"You look like shit, and you bled all over my sheets. Go shower and I'll clean this up."

"Shorts? Really?" Billy asked giving Steve a pointed look.

"Do you wanna be naked?" Steve answered with an arched brow.

"I know how much you enjoy it, so I figured what the hell." Billy spoke with a devilish smirk.

Rolling his eyes Steve grabbed the top blanket off the bed, stuffing it into the hamper Steve dragged the basket over to the bed. Waiting for Billy to get up out of the bed, the shorter boy started stiffly to get

up and upon seeing just how injured the other boy truly was Steve felt a jolt of panic jump up his spine. Rushing to his side Steve grabbed Billy's arms to help steady him, the other boy just chuckled absently at the attention.

"I'm fine pretty boy." Billy muttered wincing when he moved to the edge of the bed.

"What the hell happened to you?"

"Nothing I'm fine."

Steve gave him a pointed look, after Billy looked at him with a questioning look Steve pulled away from him crossing his arms over his chest. Taking two fingers Steve pressed on Billy's ribs, Billy hissed cursing as he clutched his battered body- Steve turned his head and gestured with his hand to make a point.

"Clearly. Perfectly fine."

Still reeling from the pain in his ribs Billy glared up at Steve, who looked at him with worry and concern. It would be sweet, adoring even, if Billy had been ready... ready to tell him about the years of beatings, but he wasn't... so he did what he always did instead, he blamed Max.

"Max happened. Bitch thinks that since I didn't drag her worthless ass out of the movie that we're friends now, like I'm gonna start braiding her hair" Billy scoffed sitting up in bed.

Steve just looked at him blankly, his eyes glazed over as he took in what Billy was saying, it made something inside Billy ache knowing he was burning this bridge. But he just couldn't stop.

"I gave the little shit a reality check, I'm not her fucking brother and I don't fucking care. I kicked her ass out of my car." Billy chuckled. "I found some loser and picked a fight, guy kicked my ass. I came here so I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of seeing me bruised and bloody."

Steve turned to look at Billy, his eyes darkened and he leaned down putting both hands on either side of Billy's hips clenching the bed

spread tightly. Anger rolled off him making Billy swallow hard, his brow twitched slightly and he felt a sudden twinge of lust balling up at the way Steve looked at him so darkly.

"You talk about her like that again..." Steve shook his head and grabbed Billy's face tightly. "I will rip you apart, I will beat you into the ground. I don't care how hurt you are, I don't care what you're hiding from. You don't talk about MY kids that way. Ever. Are we clear?" Steve growled digging his fingers into Billy's jaw.

It reminded Billy of his dad and that want disappeared, the way he demanded from Billy, the powerlessness, the feel of looking into someone's eyes and knowing they'd enjoy watching you bleed. It made Billy cringe, his eyes burned with anger and something dark. Steve let his face go, standing up right his face smoothed back into caring, back into something soothing.

"Come on tough guy, let's get you cleaned up." He spoke softly.

Helping Billy up carefully, Steve guided him to the bathroom. Billy looked over at the taller boy, he'd gotten whiplash from the guy, one second Steve was ready to eat him alive and now he was touching him as if he'd break. It was unsettling and it took Billy awhile to recover. It took the span of three minutes- the time it took for Steve to help him undress and get him into the hot water, before Billy melted back into his skin.

"You don't tell me what to do Harrington, you don't know me." Tears filled his eyes but Billy bit them back. "You don't own me. You can't control me, I don't owe you anything!" Billy hissed at Steve.

The taller boy watched him carefully, he nodded and continued to clean Billy's dried on blood off his face with a washcloth, he thought carefully about what the words meant. Why the blonde chose them, why he looked like a puppy that had been beaten. Looking into Billy's eyes Steve watched the anger carefully, seeing the pain behind it Steve stepped into the sower kissing the bulkier boy gently.

"I don't own you." Steve muttered in Billy's ear. "I don't want to control you." He kissed the blond's neck.

Billy stiffened, he could feel the anger slipping away, he could feel the way it made him raw and left him unguarded. It was horrifying, the way Steve could snake in and break down every wall Billy had ever made, leaving kisses and warmth in his wake.

"You owe me nothing." Steve hugged Billy softly, letting the blond pull away easily.

It only lasted for a moment before Steve pulled away giving him space, swallowing hard Billy pressed himself up against the shower wall feeling overwhelmed. How the hell did that scrawny boy manage to have such a hold on him? Steve pressed the washcloth to Billy's face again causing him to flinch away.

"Mhm, I'm fragile princess." He muttered.

"Oh yeah, Billy Hargrove so breakable."

"Hey, hey, you see my boo boo eye. Totally breakable."

Steve laughed, he shook his head in amusement and reached out to run his thumb gently over Billy's cheek.

"I love you." Steve mutter absentmindedly.

They were both taken aback by the confession, Steve's face slowly faded from the soft look too one of mortification, he opened his mouth his eyes telling that he hadn't meant to say that. Billy shook his head desperately, eyes filled with need.

"Don't take it back... don't you dare take it back." It was rougher than he meant, his hand held the other boy a little too hard and his eyes screamed a little too loud. "Please... Please don't take it back... Please?"

The way Billy was looking at Steve made him hurt, it was like the blond was drowning and Steve was the only thing afloat for miles. It hurt- seeing him so wounded, Billy Hargrove the big bad boy that beat the living shit out of him last year, it was heart wrenching. Nodding his head Steve cupped Billy's face running a thumb over his bruised cheekbone again as Billy's hand dropped from Steve's shoulders.



"Okay, okay..."

Steve wasn't entirely sure he had meant it, not in the way Billy wanted him too- he cared for him, but he wasn't sure he loved him. Not the way he loved Nancy, but he'd said it now and Billy clung to it for dear life. So Steve settled into the words, he let them sink in thinking about what they meant, and wondering why he'd said them.

Steve redressed the bed and tucked Billy back in, with the blood washed off he looked so much younger. Swollen eye, bruises kissing his pale skin, cut across both lips, it was looking at a child that got hurt playing too roughly. The way Billy hugged Steve's pillow reminded him of a child clinging to a stuffed bear. With a heavy sigh Steve had to remind himself just how volatile the man child was, he had no regard for anyone but himself and lashed out at anyone. Steve couldn't decide how he felt about the other boy, pity, hate, worry, anger, lust, sadness, it was all so much wrapped into one.

Slipping out to take his mind off the sleeping boy in his bed Steve started his daily chores. Start laundry, put the dishes away, fold the clothes from dryer, start coffee, vacuum house. Once he was done he checked back in on Billy who was still fast asleep, Steve turned heading back down stairs when his mother appeared.

"Mom?!" Steve yelped closing his door behind him quickly.

"Hey baby, we got some time off to come see you. Six days, well four with you-"

"Flights."

"Flights." They mirrored.

Steve wrapped his arms around his mother, he'd missed her so much more than he'd thought. Tears burned his eyes and his throat tightened with the effort of trying not to cry. She hugged him back kissing the top of his head, she soothed his hair back and pulled away enough to look at him.

"Have you been eating? You look thin, have you been sleeping okay? Come on let's get you some food baby." She spoke softly towing him

away down stairs.

"Where's dad?"

"Oh, I sent him straight to the kitchen."

"Mm. World famous pancakes?"

"You bet."

Steve sat down with his mother at the counter and his parents filled him in on what was going on, they poked and pried into his life too wondering what happened to Nancy. Steve decided to tell them about the spatulation to avoid the question, they both started yelling demanding he tell them why he hadn't called to tell them and why he kept fighting with this boy.

Breakfast was something Steve hadn't realized he missed so much, watching his parents make small jokes and laugh with each other made him see how much he was missing out on. Thinking back he'd imagined that he and Nancy would have this one day, and it made him sad knowing he'd never have the normality of the life his parents had. Steve had been tainted by the knowledge of the upside down, he'd live with the nightmares and trauma of coming so close to real monsters forever.

"Steve?" A voice called pulling him out of his thoughts.

"Hm?" He asked looking up at his stunned parents, following their eyes he turned to see Billy standing in the doorway.

Crap. Crap. Steve panicked getting up from his chair looking between them, Billy thankfully was fully dressed though his face was a mess and his parents looked at him like he was the devil himself. Crap, crap, crap.

"I can explain." Steve spoke quickly trying to think of anything that would explain why the boy that had been kicking his ass was standing in his house looking like he'd been hit by a truck.

But he couldn't. Steve had nothing, no reason why Billy was there other than the fact that he was being stalked and wooed by him. Billy

scratched his head and took a step back, he was out of his league and he knew it, they'd met him before after Billy had beaten their kid half to death. No amount of sweet talk would ever get them to stop looking at him like he was a monster that would devour their child.

"I think you should leave." Steve's mother said softly getting to her feet and walking over to her son protectively. "And you shouldn't ever come back here."

"No, it's not what it looks like." Steve shook his head looking back over at Billy who looked so much like a kicked dog.

"Stephen Harrington that boy is not allowed in my house period." His mother hissed.

"I was just leaving." Billy spoke softly before walking out of sight.

It took a lot of convincing but Steve managed to calm his parents down, they had interrogated him on why that boy was in the house and he made up some story. It was far fetched but it sounded plausible enough that his parents stopped threatening to cancel their return to work. They kept him on lock and key for the next two days and the whole time he worried non stop about the battered boy his parents had kicked out of his house.

## 10. Chapter 10: Mending

Finally Steve was going back to school on the third day his parents were home, they had offered to let him stay home, but he told them he'd already missed so much with the suspension. It was bittersweet leaving the house that morning, he was willingly giving up the little time he had with his family to go see Billy and he didn't know how to feel about it.

Out of all the reasons to give up his limited time with his parents Steve never thought Billy would be it, yet there he was. Sitting nervously on top of his car waiting to see the blond boy Steve chewed on his lip, he sat there though first period, second, third, fourth, lunch, waiting for that car, waiting for Billy.

The last bell of the day rang and Steve felt his heart sink, his fingers and toes went numb he couldn't believe he'd wasted his time. That precious little time, all for some stupid need to know that Billy was okay. Of course he was okay, it was Billy Hargrove he was always okay and Steve should have known better then thinking his time with him was anything more than temporary bliss for Billy.

The sound of that stupid car roared in Steve's ears and he looked up just as Billy pulled into the parking lot, he looked good with all things considered. Yellow bruises, scabbed over lips, nothing new coloring him red, blue, purple or black, it was a relief that Steve didn't know he'd feel. The car pulled into the spot next to Steve, he took a quick glance though the people filling the lot before stepping out and walking over to sit beside Steve on his car.

"I thought you'd be at home with mommy and daddy." Billy said nonchalantly.

Steve didn't say anything, he just sat there with his hands in his lap wondering why the hell he wasn't at home, why the hell he cared enough about Billy to let him destroy him so completely. When had he stopped hating Billy? At what point did he start to care, start to let him in?

"Will you meet me? Tonight by the quarry?" Billy asked softly.

The way Billy's voice sounded so fragile made Steve sigh, it cut through his resolve so easily and left him longing to comfort the blond. Looking out into the sea of people Steve nodded, he took a deep breath and sid off the hood of his car.

"Yeah.. Late, midnight."

Billy chuckled softly hopping down off the hood, running his tongue over his teeth he gave Steve a dark look that sent the older boy's heart pounding. God was he going to the quarry tonight for a booty call? Steve opened his mouth to ask when Max popped up beside Billy, she looked between them before giving Steve a smile.

"Hey, Dustin was wondering if you'd ever come back to school."

Steve chuckled, of course Dustin would worry about him.

"Alright I'll give him a call so he'll stop annoying you guys."

"Thank you." Max said with a sigh of relief.

The rest of the day passed fairly quickly. A call to Dustin that ended with Steve promising he'd take them to the arcade soon, and that he'd bake more cookies for the group next game night. It was nice talking to him, remembering that there was more to his life than dealing with Billy and the monsters in his head.

Later his parents roped him into helping them make dinner, something special that they only do once or twice a year. Lasagna. It took them hours to make it from scratch and they informed him they'd be staying another week, but it brought back so many memories. Steve couldn't help but feel like he was finally happy again, maybe he could find normal again, maybe he could lay his monsters to rest and be himself again.

The night ended with his parents falling asleep watching an old movie, the blob was still flickering on the screen when Steve covered them with a spare blanket. Looking down at it he noticed a spot of blood from one of the nights Billy had come over, running his fingers over the spot he wondered if he'd ever get him out of his head. Looking up at the clock it was 11:40, if he left now he'd catch Billy at

the quarry.

Pulling into the quarry lot Steve felt his heartbeat spike, so many nights he'd dreamt of getting chased here, watching the kids get devoured or being slaughtered in front of them. It sent goosebumps crawling over his skin, of course Billy would pick this of all places and of course he wouldn't be there yet. Getting out of the car Steve had the strongest urge to get his bat out of his trunk, but he pictured himself overreacting and bashing Billy with it.

"Hey princess."

Steve flinched at the sudden sound of Billy's voice, he put a hand over his heart and turned to face the other boy. If he had his bat Billy wouldn't be looking so amused with himself and Steve would be looking for a place to hide the body.

"I said in the woods. Not out in the open for anyone to see, you trying to get caught?" Billy asked as he walked up on Steve.

It took Steve a moment to register what was happening, at first the way Billy squared up to him made him think he'd start swinging, were they there to fight each other again? After a quick moment Billy smiled and pulled Steve into a kiss snaking his arms around his neck and pressing himself into the taller boy. The kiss only lasted the span of three heart beats, but Steve was already swimming in it. The quick flicker of Billy's tongue across his lips, the way it reached out into his mouth and coiled around his, it had Steve feeling weak and needy.

"Give me your keys."

Steve complied without a second thought. Just fished his keys out and handed them over looking at the younger boy like he was a love sick puppy. Billy gave him a grin that reeked of self confidence and Steve cleared his throat straightening out, trying to regain some face after being dominated so quickly.

"Get in the car pretty boy." Billy chuckled walking over to the driver's side door.

Again Steve did as he was asked, he climbed into the seat and looked

over at Billy who made himself at home in his car. The drive only took two minutes but Steve could already feel himself getting nervous, why the woods, they couldn't have met somewhere less... creepy? Shaking his head Steve really needed to stop letting what happened last year in November consume him, hell he'd been a badass. Not only did he take on a pack of demodogs, he had kept everyone alive and safe, he was a fucking hero... but still... the thought of getting dragged back into that made him nervous.

"Calm down, I won't let anything get you." Billy laughed as he pulled up to his car and Steve wondered if he looked as worried as he felt.

"Yeah? You, with the boo boo eye? I think I'll take my chances with my nail bat." Steve fired back letting himself relax a little.

"Nail bat?" Billy asked looking at Steve like he was trying to understand why he needed a nail bat. "Nah, never mind. I don't wanna know."

Billy wasted no time turning the car off, he moved into Steve and pulled him into another kiss. It would be a lie if Steve said he didn't think about all the other times he'd made out with other people in his car, there was just something about the way that Billy pulled at him needy and strong that made Steve melt. It was always him pawing over Nancy when she was in his car, or in bed it was always him begging and wanting her so bad it hurt, was this how it felt?

It was strange just how surprised Steve was at the way Billy was so smooth, he leaned over pushing Steve further back into the seat and pulled the lever on the side making the seat lay out flat. Damn the boy had moves, and in someone else's cars. Billy laughed climbing over to sit on Steve's lap, he had to crouch down but it only put them closer together and again Steve thought about how smooth it was.

Things were going places fast, Billy had already pulled off both of their shirts and was working himself down on Steve driving all sorts of sounds from them both. It was good and Steve almost didn't want to stop but the harder Billy worked the more guilt Steve felt.

"What?" Billy asked pulling away from Steve a bit frustrated at the other boy.

"I... I take the kids around in this car..." Steve answered sheepishly.

Billy gave him a look of pure disbelief, he was throwing out some of his best moves and Steve was thinking about the fact that they'd dirty up his car and the kids would have to sit in it?

"I mean they sit her-"

"Bah! Shh, get, okay, get out you're fucking killing me Harrington." Billy hissed opening the door and climbing out of the car.

Steve followed after him, Billy held the door to his car open and waved him inside, but he didn't get in. instead he scratched the back of his head and looked around. Watching him carefully Billy crossed his arms over his chest waiting for Steve to talk, something was wrong with him and Billy was starting to lose patience.

"My parents are staying for a week..."

"Okay?"

"Whatever is going on with you. You can't just come over while they're here."

"And?"

"And I can't help you if you need me while they're here."

"I come over because I wanna see you under me, not to hold hands and talk." Billy spat giving Steve a dirty look.

"Don't do that, don't talk to me like-"

"Like what?! Like all I want from you is to make myself feel better by making you just as dirty as me?" He yelled crossing the distance between them and grabbing Steve's face roughly.

"I'm not here because I want you to fix me, I don't need it. I want you. I think about you and I want to put my dick in you, I want you on the ground under me begging me to fuck you harder. I love the way your puppy dog eyes look at me but I don't want you to be my fucking boyfriend, I want to come inside you and watch you limp around



after I'm done. So stop looking at me like I'm broken and let me break you."

Steve swallowed hard watching as Billy's eyes turned dark, the words echoed in his ears settling in. All this time Steve had been caught up in his feelings, he'd gotten lost in what he wanted and finding meaning in the actions. There was a twinge of something hidden in Billy's eyes and Steve gave him a small smile, running his thumb over Billy's cheek softly. Maybe Billy meant every word he said, but maybe he hadn't said it all and that gave Steve something to think about.

Giving the blond a nod Steve swallowed hard, Billy had no idea just how broken he already was and it made something inside him ach. With a devilish smirk Billy nodded pulling Steve back in, kissing him hard and shoving him against his car. It hurt. Feeling like he was just being used again hurt, but it didn't hurt enough to make him stop.

The next few days flew past, Steve buried himself in his parents wanting nothing more than to spend what time they had together. It made him feel guilty, he could have died... could have left them without a child and they wouldn't have even known till they came back home. So he over complicated for it by letting them smother him, the weekend was spent with them watching movies and catching up on everything on both sides.

Monday he saw Billy again in the woods. That first night Steve had left before anything really happened between them, Billy had lashed out and Steve only let him get so far. Today Billy was waiting for him looking like he would devour the boy, Steve got out of the car and sat on his hood not willing to go too Billy and it only made the blond work harder at Steve.

Tuesday the nightmares started again, this time it was different... it wants set outside in the woods, or at the Byers house, the school, the lab, a pool that looked like his. No this time it was his home, it was his family, and there was nothing quite like watching his parents lay in a pool of their own blood. There was no screaming, Steve just sat up in bed in the morning and stared at the ceiling wishing he'd never fell in love with Nancy.

Wednesday was spent walking around like a ghost, he zoned out

through most of the school day and ended up unable to really hear anyone. Jonathan had come over during lunch but Steve couldn't remember anything the other boy said. Billy ended up hitting him in the face with a 'stray ball' and Steve just let himself bleed till the coach come over and held a cloth to his nose, it didn't even hurt.

The nightmare followed him again that night. Again it was different, it started out normally. Both his parents were waiting for him at breakfast, they were dressed up but no one spoke a word. Pancakes sat with syrup on the counter no plate, swallowing hard he walked over to clean the mess his parents unmoving.

Pulling the trash can over he swooped the sticky cakes into the trash, his mother grabbed his forearm hard and Steve looked up at her with fear rolling off him in waves. For a long moment she didn't move, only held him in her grip. Looking between the two Steve tugged on his arm gently, no movement so he started pulling harder struggling to get free. Finally his mother moved, her eyes first locked on him then her head turned so slowly jerking in awkward positions till she was facing him.

"Mom?" He asked weakly.

Tearing his eyes away from her to look at his father he had moved closer, just on the other side of the counter with a hand outstretched toward him. Fear and panic consumed him and he yanked on his arm trying desperately to get away from them, but her grip was strong and each time he pulled away it only became stronger. Both his parent's head started twitching moving till they turned upside down on their neck, bodies growing and arching in jagged angles drawing out gasps of horror from Steve. Their faces started splitting till they looked like the face of the monsters he'd fought, when they opened he screamed.

It had been a long time since his parents had woken him up because he was screaming, but there they were shaking him awake calling his name and urging him to understand that he was home. It took him longer than he'd like to admit to realize he was awake, that he was in bed and that he was still screaming.

Thursday was spent again walking around like a ghost, he hadn't

gone back to sleep that night and his parents lingering only reminding him off the to fresh nightmare. So he'd spent the night curled up in bed pretending he was scared out of his mind, telling himself it wasn't real, begging himself to stop seeing them like distorted monsters. It was a helpless feeling. At least when they were gone he could cry, he could feel the nightmares and let them go, but with them hovering over him he had to be strong. Had to make them think he was okay.

During his free period he just stared down empty at his notebook in the empty library aimlessly drawing nothing, he was silent, uncaring, unfeeling. Nancy had come up beside him, she looked over his shoulder at the sketch of what looked like the face of the demogorgon on the body of a person wearing fancy clothes. Putting a hand on his shoulder she called his name, he didn't move an inch, she called again but still he colored the shape on his paper.

"Steve."

The name finally hit his ears and he turned to look over at Nancy it took him a moment to register her, she looked worried her eyes filled with concern. Frowning he turned to face her, what was she so upset about?

"Are you okay?"

It was soft and soothing, like when she talked to him before but it only reminded him that was wasn't his anymore. A twinge of hurt and jealousy throbbed inside him and for a second he wished he could have her again, he wished he never gave her up.

"Steve, you look like a mess. Are you doing okay? Is there someone you ca-"

"No." Steve cut her off.

"My girlfriend dumped me after a year of pretending to love me for the guy she really wanted, my best friend won't even look at me and the only other friend I had was his girlfriend so she's gone too. My parents leave saturday morning, but even if they didn't I can't talk to them about why I wake up screaming because they already look at

me like I'M broken." Steve said getting to his feet his voice breaking.

"The only person that I have is a thirteen year old boy who looks up to me, he comes to me when he can't sleep and I help him through not the other way around. The only person who doesn't make me feel alone and insane is Billy fucking Hargrove and that's only because he's always there to remind me what I am." Tears swelled up and started to drip over his eyes burning his cheeks.

"So no, I don't have someone. And it's your fucking fault. I wish I never met you, I wish I never fell in love with you. I walked into hell for you and you used me to make yourself feel better till Jonathan was ready. I can't make you feel better about yourself anymore, it's not my job. Just leave me alone."

It was everything he'd balled up, everything he locked away because it was too harsh and he never wanted to hurt her. Watching her face Steve could see he'd done just that, she looked at him with a red face tears in her eyes as if he'd just hit her. God, why did it hurt so much to see her like that? Steve shook his head yanking his backpack off the chair so hard it toppled over, he turned his back on her and left the room feeling even more guilt swimming up around him.

Nancy started after him, she got to the first row of books and stopped knowing he needed time to be alone, or at least without her. Movement caught her eye and she turned to see Billy leaning up against the bookshelves, he turned his head to look at her with knowing eyes. It was strange, seeing him look so... sad.

After Nancy left Billy walked over to the spot Steve had been sitting in, his notebook still lingering on the table. Brushing his fingertips over the drawing he replayed what Steve had said in his head. 'Billy fucking Hargrove and that's only because he's always there to remind me of what I am.'

"Fuck... You're broken too..."

Friday Steve didn't sleep at all the night before just wallowed in the guilt of what he said to Nancy, it wasn't right of him to blame her, to put it all on her shoulders. Knowing he needed to apologize Steve pretended his way through breakfast, ate the food on his plate drank

the milk and snuck some coffee after.

School went by so slowly, he didn't see Nancy through the whole morning and each class he had felt like eternity. At lunch he found only Jonathan who knew nothing of the fight, it was awkward telling him that he'd been such an asshole to his girlfriend but Jonathan took it well. They talked about how Jonathan had blamed her too for a long time, and how he'd lashed out at her over running into Steve's arms. It was oddly helpful and Steve wondered if the little devil had planned this the whole time.

At the end of the day Billy was waiting for him at his car, leaning against the drivers door Steve couldn't get in till the blond moved so he waited. After a long moment of silence Steve scratched his eyebrow looking around at the passing people, they would draw a crowd if they hashed thing out here.

"Billy..." Steve sighed.

The blond licked his teeth and gave Steve a dark look, one that normally meant he was going to try his damndest to get into Steve's pants, it made the taller boy squarm remembering the feeling of Billy trying. Was he going to do something here? With all the other students watching? Steve took a step back and Billy laughed, he shook his head softly at the taller boy before stepping up to him.

"Meet me tonight."

Steve looked down at him and nodded his head, stunned by the display. What was he thinking? They already had plans to meet, every other day tonight was one of the nights they were set for so why the show? Steve lingered even after he and Max got in the car and drove off, he watched the car till he couldn't see it anymore and then he just stared after it wondering what had gotten into the blond.

The rest of the day was hectic, his parents sat him down and tried to get him to talk about why he was having nightmares. They insisted he tell them or go to a professional, it's not healthy for him to bottle things up and they wouldn't leave till he told them what was wrong. So he lied and told them the truth. He told them about his group of thirteen year old friends, he told them that a dog had attacked them

and he had to kill it before it hurt someone. Steve told them he worried about the kids and that he couldn't get the feel of smashing the dog to death with his bat out of his head, that it gave him nightmares.

Finally they seemed relieved, they talked him though it and made him out to be a hero told him over and over it was brave and they were proud. If only they knew. Knew he could have died, known they could have come home to a body bag instead of getting a call from school about his bloody face.

After his talk the doorbell rang, his mother answered it and came back with Nancy. They invited her for dinner and she stayed, it was like the things he'd said in the library hadn't happened at all. Nancy laughed with his parents, she talked to them like she was still dating their son and she looked at Steve with forgiving eyes. It made him weak, made him feel like maybe she understood him more than he thought.

Dinner ended the couple had asked if they could go upstairs and talk, his parents had agreed and given them space. After the door shut Steve almost couldn't find the courage to turn and face her, she hugged him from behind instead.

"I'm sorry Steve." Nancy spoke softly.

Billy pulled into the spot in the wooded area around the quarry where he and Steve had been meeting, first one there as always. Killing the engine he reached over into his book bag pulling out the notebook Steve had left in the library.

"Nanc-" Steve Started.

Opening the book Billy questioned if he should, Steve had left it he hadn't given it to Billy. Closing it the blond eye'd it, looked simple enough no warning written on it, no 'Diary of Steve Harrington' etched in. there wasn't a lock on it like the one Max kept, so... Billy opened the book again flipping on the dash lights to see.

"No. No, you were right. I was selfish, I needed someone to help me stay sane and I clung to you because you were so good at making me

feel like I was still perfect. I used you because you mended me by just being in the same room, nothing I did was wrong and you supported me through everything." Her voice started to break and Steve hugged her hands trying his best to soothe her.

It was filled with little doodles, notes, little words that didn't amount to much and were hard to make out. Demo dog? Gorgan? Teeth, no face. Little sketches of a long body with no gender and no face, then the next one with it's face open like a flower with teeth covering it. Billy hunched over looking hard at the drawings.

"Even now, you still try and make me feel safe and loved, like I didn't do anything wrong. You look after everyone, me, all the kids, even Jonathan and I never thanked you. You saved my life. You. You saved us that night and you protected the kids when they needed you too, you didn't own them anything and still you saved them."

Getting out of the car he thumbed through the book trying to make sense of it, what the hell were the pictures? There was one of a dog with the same face, the nail bat, names of the kids. 'Will said they're gone' 'Can't sleep' 'Keep seeing Barb in pool' 'Was it our fault?' Billy looked at a drawing off Steve's pool with a person floating in it. What the hell was going on in Steve's head?

Steve turned around breaking the hug, he grabbed her face and wiped away the tears with his thumbs. She looked so innocent standing there crying in his room, they'd shared so many things here. Countless nights they spent soothing eachother, helping the other sleep and mending the wounds left by the upside down. Nancy moved in closer to him, like she had so many other times looking up at him with big doe eyes that begged kiss me. Steve smiled, he wanted nothing more than to kiss her again, but he knew it wasn't out of love... not really. It was guilt.

The sound of a branch breaking made Billy look up from the book, tossing it inside the car he looked out into the woods for someone. Looking around he didn't hear a car pull up, so it couldn't be a person could it? Maybe it was a deer or something? Billy leaned into his car and turned on his head lights trying to scare off whatever animal it was.

"I'm sorry for yelling at you... It wasn't fair for me to blame you for something I walked into." Steve spoke softly watching her eyes carefully.

The lights lit up the woods and when Billy came back out to look for the cause of the sound he froze, his pulse raced and his face lost all color. What the hell was that?! A fucking half eaten deer? Billy swallowed hard trying to calm himself as best he could, it was covered in blood and it's guts were hanging out of its body, but it was walking upright like nothing was wrong.

"It's okay..." She whispered putting her hands on his chest.

The sound of footsteps running toward him made Billy jump, he turned just in time to see a huge body flying at him. It hit him hard knocking him to the ground and climbing on top of him, Billy screamed as he watched the face of the monster in Steve's book tower over him. It opened up like the picture teeth and spit lining the inside.

"Nancy..." Steve whined knowing what he had to do but not wanting to do it. "You love him."



## 11. Chapter 11: Trapped

Fear. Fear consumed Billy, he was going to die. The huge mass of teeth and spit was going to chomp down on him and eat him alive, it was going to hurt. This was what gave the brown haired boy so many nightmares, this is what kept him screaming through the night and now it would devour him too. Putting his arms up in defence Billy cringed back into the ground waiting for the feel of teeth, but it only sat there.

The sound of branches crunching under toe made Billy look up, he still kept his arms up so if the monster decided to bite down it would rip into his arm and not his throat. The deer came to him, it walked right up to him like it was the most natural thing in the world Billy couldn't believe what he was seeing.

The deer looked him over, leaned down and smelled him in it made Billy shrink away from the blood covered animal. It opened its mouth too like the other monster a flower shaped toothy nightmare, the one on top of him screeched. Black smoke poured from the deer and engulfed him in it, it filled him to the brim and left him feeling like he'd be ripped apart.

Waking up in the morning left Steve feeling sad, he knew today was his last day with his parents till graduation in three months. It wasn't something he like to think about, when they left he just told himself one day at a time, but it keeps getting harder and harder to be alone for so long. Still he had to get up, he had to see them off again.

It was emotional, seeing them leave through the gates and disappear into the crowd. As always he lingered in the airport waiting to see the plane leave and once its wheels lifted from the ground he felt like a part of him was leaving too. The part of him that believed he could have that one day, the normality of a marriage and a healthy love life. The thought reminded him of Billy. Oh no, he forgot about Billy.

Billy came dragging home the next morning, he walked in the door and ignored the family sitting at the table opting to go straight into his room. Footsteps came trailing behind him and he took a breath knowing it was his father.

"Where the hell were you?" He hissed hushed.

Billy turned to face him, he looked at him empty and dazed. The older man took him in seeing the dirt that covered him for the first time, it seemed only to upset him. Shifting from foot to foot Billy said nothing and his father grabbed a fistfull of his hair yanking him closer so he could yell without being heard.

"If I find out you're out there in the woods fucking some guy, I'll kill you this time. Now get your ass to the table and eat breakfast with your family."

"I'm dirty."

"Now."

The taller man let go of Billy's hair and they walked over to the table together, they sat and his father handed him a plate of food. It was eggs with bacon and toast, all bland and all simple. Billy chuckled at the food knowing it would taste as bad as it looked.

"Something funny?" Neal growled.

"Your new wife cooks like shit, mom made better food."

Everyone at the table gasped, Max looked over at him in surprise she looked like she wanted to laugh but kept her mouth shut. Susan was watching Neal with wide eyes silently begging him not to overreact in front of Max. Neal reached over and smacked Billy across the face with the back of his hand. Max jumped in her seat and Neal glared at her, telling her to sit down.

"Apologize."

"I'm sorry you're a shitty cook Susan." Billy said turning his face back so he could look at her.

Neal stood up so fast his chair hit the floor making both girls scream, Max ran into her mother's arms, she'd never never seen Neal like this before. Billy just laughed as he father came around the table and punched him in the mouth, the blond slumped back in his chair still laughing.

"APOLOGIZE!"

"I'm sorry my mother's dead and can't teach you how to use spices. My favorite is garlic but dad likes ground cumin-" Billy started looking up at the girls again blood dripping from his split lips.

His father punched him again this time hitting his nose, the force knocking Billy over sideways into the table. Max started crying and Neal turned to face her yelling at her to shut up, Billy sat back upright and looked at the red head.

"Don't cry Maxy, he only beats me. You can ask mommy, he's never laid hands on a woman before, just his faggot son. When he gets mad at you he just comes into my room when you're asleep and kicks me around. It's why I hate you so much! Daddy's little girl can't do anything wrong, except maybe like me. Because the very thought of you getting along with me made him beat me so hard he cracked a rib." Billy was laughing as he spoke little splatters of blood dotting the white tablecloth and the whites of the eggs.

"Shut the hell up!" Neal howled as he hit Billy again grabbing a hand full of hair to hold his face back so he could hit him again.

The sound of the girls screaming only made Neal hit harder till Max ran over and grabbed Neal's hand, she screamed at him to stop yanking at the hand in Billy's hair. The older man turned and grabbed Max shaking her harshly then throwing her on the floor, Billy stood up he stopped laughing and shoved his father to the ground.

"No, you don't fucking touch them! You wanna hurt someone that's why you kept me! You want me to apologize?! Fine." He turned to Susan touching her shoulder gently. "I'm sorry you married this piece of shit, and I hope you have enough goddamned sense to take Max and leave before he kills me and has to find someone else to take his anger out on."

Susan looked down at Neal in horror. Billy turned and helped Max up off the ground he pulled her behind him to the door and walked out like nothing happened. His 'parents' would have enough to talk about, Max didn't need to see anymore. Feeling numb Billy got in car,

she waited for Max and drove her over to Lucas' house, he didn't say a word and she couldn't stop staring at him. They sat there for a while in silence, Max watching him in horror and Billy unable to comprehend what he'd just done.

"Don't go home tonight..."

Pushing his door open Steve was surprised to see Billy sitting on his bed, the blond was hunched over hair spilling over hiding his face. Closing the door behind him Steve walked into the room, he sighed and rubbed his arm sheepishly.

"I'm sorry about last night. I got caught up with my parents leaving and..." Steve stopped talking, he stepped in closer to the other boy who hadn't moved an inch. "Billy?"

The blond just sat there unmoving, Steve touched his shoulders pushing him back so he could look at his face. The blond had a busted nose and his lip had split again, he was a little dirty with some leaves in his hair and his face was covered in dried blood. Using his thumb Steve wiped away a spot of dirt from Billy's face gently.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah..." Billy answered looking up into Steve's eyes.

"I'm sorry I didn't meet you." Steve spoke knowing better than to push Billy into talking about what happened.

"No. It's okay. I was... I wasn't there long."

The blond wrapped his arms around Steve's waist hugging him softly, Steve was taken back by the movement Billy wasn't usually so... Gentle. They stayed there for a long moment, Steve started smoothing Billy's hair back picking out little sticks and leaves. Had he crawled through the woods to get here?

"Billy, why you covered in dirt?"

Pulling away Billy looked down at himself, it was like he was trying to remember too.

"I... I don't know."

"You wanna shower? I washed your clothes, you took off without them last time." Steve scratched his head nervously.

"You washed them? How sweet of you princess." Billy smirked up at him.

Steve felt heat rise up in his cheeks, Billy had looked so dazed but now he seemed to melt back into himself and it made Steve chew on his lip. Getting to his feet Billy caught Steve's face in his hands, he looked up into his eyes so deeply Steve could feel his heartbeat in his throat. Leaning in Billy kissed him softly. Steve closed his eyes, head swimming in the tenderness of it, he didn't even mind the taste of blood that came with it.

The kisses trailed down Steve's jaw to his neck, Billy pulled back on Steve's hair giving himself space to mark up the other boy. The taller boy whimpered softly at the feel of teeth, a flickering tongue and soft sucking. Billy pulled away and kissed Steve's lips one more time softly, it was unlike anything they'd ever done before. This kiss was full of feelings and everything before was filled with only one.

"Steve...?" Billy muttered against his lips.

"Hm?"

"My dad hits me."

Steve froze, he didn't know how to process the information. What was the right way to handle this? What did he want? To be soothed? To talk about it? What could he need that Steve could give him? Steve pulled away to look into his eyes, they turned red but he looked just surprised at the confession. It reminded him of when he'd confessed to loving Billy in the shower, shocked and not sure why he'd said it. Steve opened his mouth and Billy shook his head not ready to talk about it anymore, the taller boy gave him a soft smile.

"Lets clean you up."

After the shower Billy sat on the soft clean bed, every time he closed his eyes he could see the woods, he could smell the trees and dirt, he

could feel the wind on his face. A light touch on his shoulder made him jump, Steve looked at him carefully muttering a soft apology. With a nod Billy let Steve slip into bed with him, they laid down together Steve holding him tightly, holding him like he wasn't afraid he'd break.

"Steve..."

"Yeah?"

More than anything Billy wanted to tell him about the book he'd found in the library, about the monster that had pinned him down and the deer that covered him in smoke but he couldn't get it out. The words were stuck and that scared him more than his dad ever had. The fact that he could close his eyes and see the woods scared him, but he couldn't find a way to say the words. Something inside him wouldn't let the words come out, it soothed him instead, quited the fears and lulled him into submission.

"Nothing..." Billy muttered softly.

Billy couldn't sleep, he just laid there next to Steve listing to him breath and trying to process what was happening. It was like there was this massive weight inside his head that wouldn't let him rest, it made his whole body feel restless and demanded he move. Giving Steve's hand a soft kiss Billy crawled out of the bed, he lingered at the door not wanting to go. There was a calling, a voice telling him what was needed of him and he knew that he'd give in. Taking one last lingering look at the sleeping boy he opened the door and headed for the woods that called him so diligently.

Waking up to an empty bed was something Steve wasn't expecting, Billy had been in bad shape when they'd fallen asleep and Steve cursed himself for being so exhausted. A part of him wanted to go looking for the blond but Steve knew Billy would come back to him when he was ready, maybe he needed some time.

Getting dressed Steve got in his car, he headed out to go see the kids to take his mind off the other boy (and because he wanted to check in on Max). It seemed Steve had great timing because just as he pulled up at Mike's house the group of kids came pouring out, surprised they

all looked between each other asking who invited Steve?

"Thanks assholes." Steve said walking over to the group.

Max gave Steve a pointed look, she seemed to catch eye of something and turned away. Steve looked down at himself wondering if he had something on him, the other kids muttered to themselves for a moment before deciding Steve could come along.

"Okay... Steve... don't freak out." Dustin started.

"What did you do?" Steve asked crossing his arms over his chest.

"Nothing... we just... found something." Mike spoke.

"What? Not another demo thing right?" Steve scoffed jokingly.

"Why? You don't have your bat?" Dustin asked looking nervous.

"You assholes where going to go chasing some fucked up monster by yourselves?!" Steve hissed taking another step closer to them.

"What? No... We have El..." Lucas chimed in.

Giving him a pointed look Steve shook his head, he couldn't fucking wrap his head around how stupid the kids were. They thought there was something out there that could eat them and they still chose not to tell anyone, after everything they'd been through the kids still wanted to take the monster on alone.

"El?! El is trying to lay low, morons! You think dragging her out and making her use her powers out in the open is laying low?" Steve asked the group waiting for them to understand what they were doing.

"Well..." Dustin started.

"It's from the upside down, she deserves to know if there's still something here in our world. What if it's dangerous?" Will spoke out breaking free from the group to face Steve.

"If it's dangerous you call me. Or hopper, not El."

The kids looked between themselves before settling back on Seve who still looked fairly pissed. They agreed to show him instead of dragging El into it and promised if anything like this ever happened again they'd call him first. They all piled into Steve's car and the older boy wondered if he needed to upgrade to something bigger that would fit them better (great he really was tring into a mom).

"So what it this thing?" Steve asked confused as to why they were so convinced it was from the upside down.

"It's a deer." Lucas answered.

"Well, it WAS a deer." Max corrected.

"So why do you think it's from the upside down?"

"It was tore to shreds. Like guys ripped out leg missing blood everywhere tore to shreds." Lucas answered and Max nodded beside him.

"There's other animals out there, maybe som-"

"There's an egg inside it... it looks like the roots from the tunnels."

That was enough for Steve to shut up, he nodded and felt that familiar feeling of fear and adrenaline creep up into his chest. Biting it down he listened to the kids talk about what it was or what it could be, Dustin was convinced it was another dart, Mike and Will wondered if maybe it was just something the monster that ate it spit out, and Lucas and Max were sure it was an egg that would hatch out a demogorgon.

Once they pulled over Steve had to fight with them about staying in the car, he unfortunately lost the battle and barely had time to grab his bat from the trunk before the kids took off to go find the deer. Catching up Steve insisted on going first at least and gave them some ground rules, if anything tried to eat them they were to run back to the car no matter what. Dustin pointed out that without the keys they'd die either way, so against his better judgment he told them he kept a spare in the glove box.

"Whoa.... That thing is really-"



"Gross." Max cut off Dustin.

"Stay back." Steve warned as he took a step closer to the body with a back ball hanging from it's stomach.

They kids inched closer till they were standing only a foot away from Steve as he crouched down to get a better look at it. The thing was definitely eaten by a demo something, it had the same pattern the monsters left with their rows or teeth.

"Anyone else think it's weird that it's out here in the open like this?" Dustin asked looking around.

Steve used the end of the bat to touch the deer's head making sure it was really dead (not that it could be alive with this kind of damage), he had just touched the bat to the flap of skin covering the ball when he thought about what Dustin had said.

"What? You think we did this as a joke or something?" Lucas asked looking offended.

"No, it's just there's nothing close by but houses. No one saw the things the last two times they were here, why is this one so close?"

Swallowing hard Steve pulled away from the dead deer, he was going to retreat, he was going to tell the kids to go back to the car but instead the egg cracked from the movement. Spores shot out of the ball and everyone scrambled away, Steve turned trying to run after the kids but he hit the ground feeling so heavy. With his vision blurring he watched as all the others followed him down to the ground. It was a trap and Steve walked them right into it.

The sound of leave crunching made Steve turn, he wanted a look of what was going to kill him before he went... but it wasn't a monster. It was a person and Steve tried desperately to keep his eyes open, what was he doing there?

"Billy?"

## 12. Chapter 12: Deeper Meanings

"I'm aware that my plan didn't work, thanks."

"He wasn't supposed to be here, the idiot probably convinced them not to call her."

"No we can't kill them, we kill them and she kills us."

"Were fine, we have leverage if nothing else."

Billy stood in the corner of the large dark garage, it wasn't somewhere Steve recognized and Billy was talking to himself making Steve start to panic. Trying to get up Steve realized he was tied to a chair, bound and gagged looking around frantic he saw the kids all tied up the same way with their backpacks sitting next to each of them. Billy turned to face him and Steve watched him with wide eyes.

"Really, I hadn't noticed. It don't matter anyway they're tied up what are they gonna do?" Billy spoke as he walked over to Steve, looking him over while he bit at his lower lip.

"He's useful alright, besides I said no killing them." Billy stopped and scoffed at nothing. "These are her friends, her family we start killing them off and shes going to make sure you're dead this time. Seeing as to I'm attached to you I say no thanks."

Steve looked over at the kids that started to stir, he pulled at the ropes and tried desperately to think of something to get them the hell out of this. Looking over at Lucas he saw the nail bat beside him, Billy was possessed like Will had been last year and now he had them all gift wrapped for the mind flayer or whatever the hell the kids had named it. If he could just get the bat maybe he could get them out.

"What you want a line up? You were in the kids head I don't know them." Billy rubbed his eyebrow and sighed.

"All information is useful information. Let me see, I'll dig through it."

Steve watched as Billy went rigid he stared off into space, his eyes

moving so rapidly that Steve felt dizzy. The other kids started to make fearful sounds and Steve did his best to comfort them by trying to draw their attention to him. Billy staggered back, he touched his head and shook off the feel of being overwhelmed by running through someone else's mind, tuning he looked at Will and gave him a simpathe look.

"Tough break kid. You're life is even more fucked up than mine." Taking a step over to the font of the line of kids(which Steve was facing) Billy sighed.

"Sinclair, Lucas. Worthless, he was the power hitter but they have El now. Only thing he's good for is throwing rocks." Billy pointed at the kid in the first chair as he spoke then moved to the next.

"Max, worthless." Billy waved her away.

"Dustin... Fan favorite, he's the brain. Useful." Billy ruffled his hair tipping off his hat onto the floor.

"Mike... The heart, kids with the girl. El, he's important." Billy hissed and pulled away from the kid strapped to the chair. "No we can't kill him!"

"I don't fucking care if he pissed you off, I DON'T CARE IF HE HELPED SHUT YOU OUT! I SAID NO!" Billy screamed grabbing his head and reeling away.

Curling over on himself Billy clung to the nearby wall to stay upright he clawed at his head shaking and groaning in pain at the effort it took to keep himself in line. After a few moments he settled back down and stood upright smoothing his clothes out and pushing his hair out of his face.

"Next." He huffed walking back over to the kids. "Will, you two know each other well."

"Lastly, Steve... useless." Billy stopped, he touched the cloth in Steve's mouth. "Because I said so."

"Just because they're useless doesn't mean they're dead weight. We can use them for something."

Horror filled Steve's eyes he was breathing hard and trying not to panic but the way Billy was talking made him nervous. Looking between the kids Steve could see the fear on their faces and it made him ache knowing he'd put them there. Billy turned to the door a few seconds before it opened, he sighed and closed his eyes as a demogorgon and a bloody gorgy deer walked through the door.

Some of the kids started screaming under their gag and Steve looked back over at them trying to keep them calm. The creatures walked in the room and stood by Billy looking down at him the deer looking up, Steve cringed away from the smell of rotting flesh and maggots.

"I don't know." Billy muttered shaking his head. "I don't know but he's not food!" Billy hissed taking a step into the room.

"He's part of them, his parents are gone for a few months they won't know he's missing for awhile maybe we could set up a trap for Hopper or something he's gonna be looking for the kids and he knows Steve." Billy muttered pacing the floor.

Steve whimpered something under his gag and it made Billy stop in his tracks, he looked over at the brown haired boy as if he'd answered all the questions he'd ever had. With a devilish smirk Billy walked over to Steve and patted his head, he grabbed a fistful of his hair and pulled his head back so he could look him in the eye as he spoke.

"We go set the trap at Steve's. Call Hopper and tell him about the deer, we took the egg so he won't know about the spores. I'll go to Will's house and tell his mom Max is missing and she'll freak. Hopefully the brother is there and we can get him too. She'll call Hopper he'll tell her about the deer, Steve's car is near the sight. They meet up and check the house. Maybe El goes too but if she doesn't then we have everyone in this town she knows, well maybe not the wheeler whore. We isolate her. She'll be easier to get once we have Hopper, you have a capacity for three. Take Hopper, and Mike she'll be easy prey."

Steve shook his head at Billy begging him not to do it, begging him not to hurt the people he cared about. A part of Billy loved the way Steve looked so helpless, it made his whole body ache for the boy.

The demo took a step closer to them and Billy snapped out of his own head and pulled away.

"No. We don't need a body." He looked up at the demo then back down at the deer. "WE only needed the deer in the woods to get them all together, besides it's fragile I thought Max would try and touch it if it wasn't covered in blood."

The demo reached out toward Steve and Billy grabbed it's arm stopping it from touching the brown haired boy.

"I'm getting you the girl, that's my price." The large creature swung it's arm and sent Billy crashing to the ground, the nail bat clattering to the floor as Billy hit Lucas' chair on the way down. "Things changed! My terms changed too, now I want him and her. Two plans two people. You don't fucking touch him!"

Billy growled from the ground waiting for an answer, Steve looked down at him drowning in fear, all the blood had drained from his face and his eyes were red from trying not to cry. Screaming he tried to pull away from the large Demogorgon as it started reaching for him again mouth open wide. Grabbing the bat Billy got to his feet and smashed the deer's head in, he hit it a good three times before the monster turned on him and grabbed him by the throat.

"No fucking goat no way to pass on the smoke without me. I'm all you got now." Billy choked out letting the bat fall.

It tossed Billy to the ground and let out a loud inhuman screech, from the ground Billy laughed laying flat on his back and touching his throat tenderly. Sitting back up Billy put his knee up resting his arm on it while he looked at the demogorgon, with his free arm he wiped his nose taking a deep breath. Steve looked at him with worried eyes and Billy was starting to really love the way he did that. Getting to his feet he pointed to the wall and told the monster to be a good boy and wait for him there.

"We can't waste anymore spores, we only have three and we don't know how many the girl can take. So you get to babysit. I'll take care of Hopper." Billy stopped he turned and looked at the Demogorgon. "You kill any of them... I'll kill us both. The rest of you will be stuck

in that shit hole forever."

"As for you." Billy walked over to Steve and grabbed his face with one hand putting the other behind his back. "I said not to kill you, but it will hurt you. Don't be stupid, don't let that pretty hair of yours get messed up and don't get them killed."

Looking into Steve's face Billy couldn't help himself, he pulled the boy into a soft quick kiss before turning to leave Billy stopped. looking down at Max and gave her a dark disharting look before bending over and kissing the top of her head. Running a hand over the spot and back down her hair he squeezed her shoulder before leaving them alone with the Demogorgon.

Max watched him leave, she watched the door as she listened for the car to start up and drive off down the road. Looking back at the rest of the garage she searched for what Billy was trying to tell her, 4423. What was in the room that needed a code? A safe maybe? He'd flashed the numbers on his fingers, made a gun pulled the trigger and pointed to the monster, kill it and find the thing that needed the code. An hour passed and Max still had no idea what she was looking for.

What was it, and how were they going to get out to kill the Demogorgon? What was his plan? Max closed her eyes trying to think like him, what was out of the ordinary? He touched Dustin's head, she looked down at the hat on the floor there was something in it. What else... he'd kissed her and touched her hair. Shaking out her hair she felt something fall out onto her lap, a lighter? How was that helpful? More time passed and she was starting to get frustrated, what was he trying to tell her?!

What else? Think, think, think! What else did he do that he wouldn't? 'Pretty hair' why would he say that? Billy would have told him to use his head, not compliment his hair. The bat was right beside Steve on the ground, somehow they needed to get him out of the chair. Lighter, hat on floor, hair. What the hell was she gonna do with that? Tapping on her chair she was thankful they had learned morse code last year.

'Dustin what's in your hat?' She tapped out with her eyes still closed

trying her best not to let the fact that there was a monster in the room drown her in fear.

'Marbles.'

Lighter, marbles, whats with the hair.

'Does Steve have hairspray?'

The demogorgon moved closer to them watching Max as she tapped on the chair, Steve bounced his chair around grabbing it's attention. Shifting it took a swing at Steve flipping his chair over on the ground and hissing down at him spilling drool down on him, he struggled in the chair trying to free himself.

'In my bag.' Dustin.

Max's eyes shot open and she tilted her chair over to grab the lighter, Steve kicked out at the Demogorgon as Max flicked the little thing to life trying to burn her way out of the ropes. It kicked Steve in the ribs and bent down to grab him and jerk his chair up off the ground over it's head as it screeched at him again.

The ropes gave way and Max jumped out of the chair, she grabbed the marbles and tossed them on the floor as the creature dropped Steve causing the chair to break as it hit the floor. It turned to face her as she started ripping through Dustin's bag, taking a step it stumbled on the marbles giving her just enough time to grab the hairspray from the bag. Turning to face the open mouthed monster she lit it up, flicking the lighter on she sprayed it with flames making it reel away from her.

Steve grabbed the bat out of the deer and hit the Demogorgon in the open mouth, he pulled the bat back and hit it again, again, again till it tripped over and ended up on the ground with Max spraying it with flames and Steve digging the nail bat into it's head over and over till it was little more than mush. Max stopped before Steve did, she took a step back and ended up falling on her ass, fucking marbles.

"Steve... Steve!" Max yelled taking off her gag. "It's dead!"

Once Steve finally heard Max he stopped hitting the dead

Demogorgon, he was shaking and it took him longer than normal to catch his breath again. Turning back to look at the kids he dropped the bat pulling his gag from his mouth before going to them, Max was already working on getting Lucas out of his ropes. Taking the other end they worked their way to the middle freeing the rest of the group before Max turned to face Steve, she buried herself in his chest hugging him tightly as she started sobbing. Steve hugged her back trying his best to soothe her.

"You did great Max. It's okay, we killed it Max. We killed it."